

That you have joined the conquering band,
And now, at God's Divine command,
You're marching to the better land.
That's the news!

WITH JESUS SATISFIED.

Tunes.—The dying Nuu; Bundle of old letters.

"Twas for me that Jesus suffered,
'Twas for me that Jesus died,
'Twas for me He bore the nail-plate.
Should I not be satisfied?

Chorus.

When I view the cross of Calvary,
When I see His wounded side,
When I hear Him cry, "'Tis finished,"
Should I not be satisfied?

Though the world despise Thee, Jesus,
I will never leave Thy side;
While Thy loving arms do shield me,
Jesus, I am satisfied.

Perish all the world's vain pleasures,
Perish all my self and pride,
Perish earthly hopes and treasures,
I'm with Jesus satisfied.

Time and talents all I give Him,
He shall all my footsteps guide,
And though all the world should hate me,
With His love I'm satisfied.

Lead me, Jesus, I will follow,
Follow Thee, whatever be,
Closely hold my hand, dear Saviour,
And I'll follow, satisfied.

AN OLD-TIME SOLO.

ANOTHER ALTERATION.

Tunes.—By studying economy; The girl I left behind me.

Some years ago, a worthy man,
In London's famous city,
While seeking thousands going to
his
His heart was moved with pity.
To see the fallen creatures lost
Was not his inclination.
So he started, with the help of God,
To make an alteration.

Chorus.

We are marching along,
We are marching along,
Glory, Hallelujah!
We are marching along.

A noble band with haste was formed,
By name, the "Christian Mission,"
Which very soon began to act
With vigor and decision.
The worst of sinners soon got saved;
It caused a great sensation,
And many had to praise the Lord,
For such an alteration.

A change of name was now proposed,
Which met with approbation,
In order to extend and get
A wider operation.

The Christian Mission name was dropped
Without much hesitation,
Salvation Army took its place—
A glorious alteration.

We've got no velvet-cushioned pews,
Our soldiers don't require them,
Our hearers always keep awake,
Because we never tire them.
We've got no splendid organs yet
To attract our congregation;
But we've got a good brass band or two
To make an alteration.

Now, if to read you are inclined,
Read something worth your labor,
Get a War Cry for yourself,
And several for your neighbor.
It reads your Bible all you can,
With prayer and supplication;
And read the War Cry after this,
By way of alteration.

Our object is to rescue souls,
A mighty undertaking;
Pull the devil's kingdom down—
Already it is shaking.
Our motto, "Blood-and-Fire," shall
Wave over every land and station;
King shall have His own again,
And speed the alterations.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

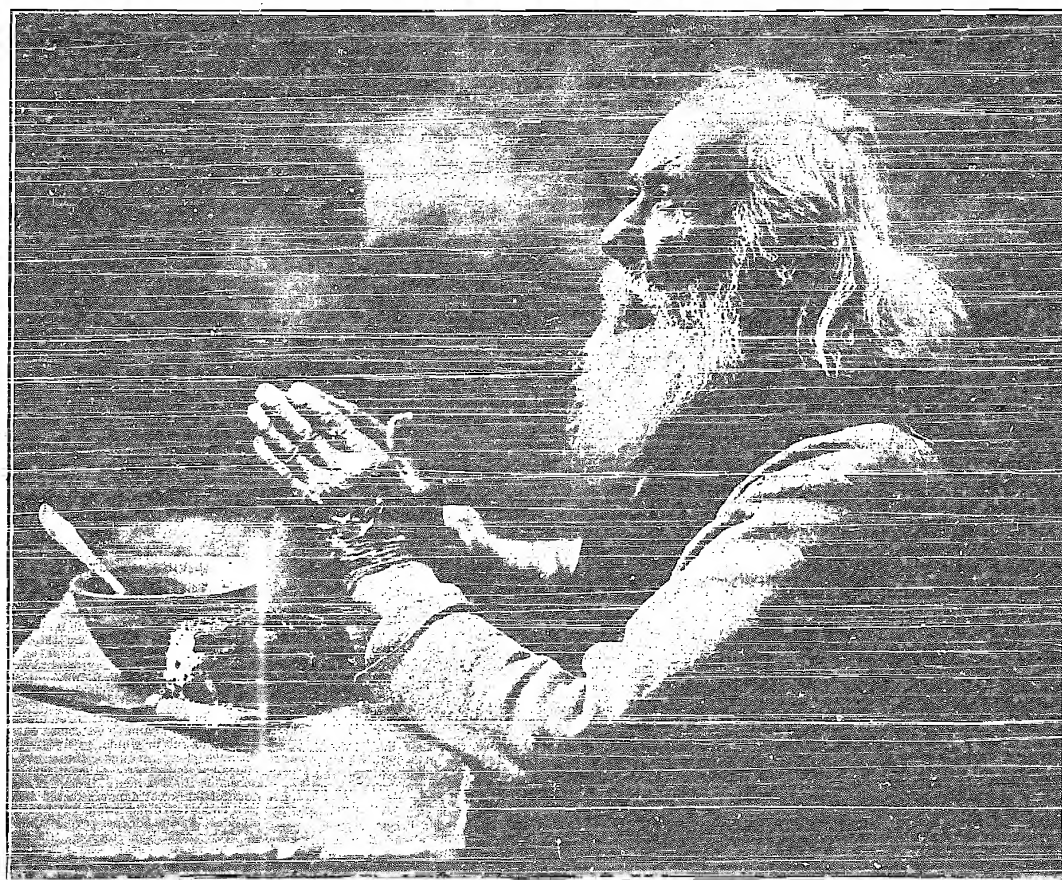
18th Year. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

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EVER THANKFUL.

THE Apostle Paul directs us in all things to give thanks, yet how few of even the best followers fully and always render thanks in all things. As a rule, the greater and the more numerous the benefits we receive and enjoy, the less we are likely to remember our debt of gratitude to God. And yet gratitude is the very essence of true worship, for out of gratitude to God springs every good and noble purpose, and ever grows the best service to humanity. It is said of Abraham Lincoln, that large-hearted martyr-President of the U. S. A., and the liberator of the slaves, that on the day of the receipt of the capitulation of Lee, the Cabinet meeting was held earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member was able, for

a time, to give utterance to their feelings. At the suggestion of Lincoln

All Dropped on their Knees,

and secured in silence and in tears their heartfelt acknowledgments to the Almighty for the triumph He had granted to the National cause. It was this staunch gratitude to God which made Lincoln the leader of a great nation, who treasures his memory in story and song, and above all in the hearts of the people.

Our frontpage suggested to us the subject of an incident in the life of our own Commissioner, which may not be unfamiliar to many of our readers. We came accidentally across the account of it in an interview with "Staff-Capt. Eva Booth," printed in 1887, in All the World.

Describing some of Miss Booth's slum visits, the interviewer goes on to speak of a visit to an old man pelleted out by some woman.

"Oh," said the woman, "if you are looking for someone to visit, you had

better go in there. The sooner he's under ground the better."

"In there" was a house where resided some of the most notorious characters in the neighborhood. Feeling that this was her dead father, however, Captain Eva went forward and found her way into a dusty little room, where a sad spectacle met her eyes.

On the Iron Bars of an old bedstead,

Without Either Mattress or Bedding, and with only a few old sacks under and over him, was the rigid, shivering form of an old man. His face was pinched and drawn, and by his side was a cracked cup with a pool of dirty water at the bottom. It was a "blue," cold, bitter morning, but there was no sign of fire in the grate, and the poor creature appeared to be starving with hunger and perishing with cold.

Having learned his name on the way up, Captain Eva said:

"I have come to visit you, Bob. How are you this morning?"

The old man turned his head and gasped out:

"Oh, thank God! Thank God!"

Then, raising himself on his elbow, he said, with a ravenous expression on his face:

"The crust, the crust in that cupboard. Get it me quick!"

Starving Almost to Death.

"You cannot eat this, Bob," she said, "I will run out and get you some fresh, and make you some nice, hot tea in a few minutes."

"No, no, give it me; the crust, the crust!" he urged.

She gave it to him. He seized it from her hands, and was about to devour it when he stopped, and, bending

(Continued on page 4.)

SPARKS FROM MANY MINDS

Liberty and duty are inseparable terms. If I ought, I can.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with a single thread.

The most delicate and the most sensible of all pleasures consist in promoting the pleasure of others.

How small soever your lamp be, never give away the oil which feeds it, but always the flame which crowns it.

"A man does not become rich by laying up abundance, but by laying out abundance; that is, by laying it out for God."

Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.

Never depend on your genius; if you have talent, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply the deficiency.

In order to comprehend moral things we must see them done not only under our eyes, but in ourselves. The "ego" comprehends only what it produces.

Through intelligence one reaches many things which are superior to intelligence, but intuitions come better by the consequence of thought than by thought itself.

We must hear or we must die. It is easier, perhaps, to die, but infinitely less noble. The immortality of man disdains and rejects the thought—the immortality of man, to which the cycles and the aeons are as hours and as days.

It then knewest how that every black thought of thine, or every glorious thought, look root outside of thee, and for half a century pushed and bored its healing or poisonous roots, oh, how slowly wouldst thou choose and think!

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

Fragments from the Writings of Count Tolstoy.

The aim placed before man in infinity is inaccessible to him, but the direction to attain it is accessible.

No life has *any* except that which has for its aim to serve God, to serve to the accomplishment of the work of God, inaccessible to us.

The doctrine of Christ is become to me the most comprehensible, has struck me most, when I have understood clearly that my life does not belong to me, that it is His Who gave it to me, and that the aim of life is not in me, but in His will, which must be known and fulfilled. That has completely transported me.

A very ordinary error is the belief that the aim of life is to serve man and not God. It is only in serving God, that is to say in doing His will, that one can be sure of not doing what is useless, and there is no alternative. God has given us His Spirit, love, and reason to serve Him, and we are employing them in our own service.

For myself, the meaning of life consists exclusively in serving God, by saving men from sin and suffering. A terrible thing it is that in trying to divine the road by which God wants to accomplish this, one deceives himself, makes haste, and instead of helping, prevents or hinders. The only way not to be deceived is not to go ahead, but to await the call of God, to await the situation in which one will be able to act clearly only for God or against God, and in these cases one must gather together all the forces of his soul to act for Him.

Burning the leaguers does not loose from liability.

BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA

GIDEON'S IRONSIDES.

When Oliver Cromwell, the uncrowned king, had men under his command, it wasn't the number that made him boast that, come what may, they would stand.

Nor was it the uniform that they wore, as helpful as that would be. But it was the spirit of every corps that gave them the victory. And it was the prayer of faith that flowed from the heart of each "Ironside."

So England re-echoes their praises still, and speaks of their deeds with pride.

When General Gideon led the van of God's army in his day, He'd 32,000 men in the march, ready for battle array. "You have got too many," Jehovah said, "to fight the Midianites now. They will take the credit all to themselves, and, p'raps, make a drunken row."

Give out the word that the fearful return, and those afraid of the fight. Then the 22,000 cowards fell back, right-about-face, out of sight. "There are yet too many," the Lord replied, "I will now apply a test; March them down to the river side," He said, "and let me pick out the best."

So the General obeyed, and everyone just seem'd to thirst for a drink—That the manner of drinking mattered much, they didn't for a moment think.

But it did, and while some knelt down and drank in an easy kind of way, There were others who lepped the water up, as if they'd scarce time to stay.

So the Lord picked out the men who had lapped, 300 of them in all, And said to the General, "These are the men on whom my choice must fall."

'Twas a simple test, but the Lord knew best, and when they marched to "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" soon put every toe to flight; And although their methods were different far from the ancient rules of war, You'll see, if you read your Bible a bit, the Lord's methods mostly are!

It is not the sole time in Holy Writ a lesson like this was taught, For David, the giant-killer, was one who shows us what can be wrought: Not by the many, or even the strong, but by a real man of God, Who does what he's told, without asking why, and reads as His Lord has trod.

Once a Salvation Army Lieutenant, discouraged a bit, "Us said, Wrote a note to her D. O., saying that—well, this is just how it read: "What can three soldiers, a drum, and me, do?" and thought she had made it plain.

But he placed between her words, "and the Lord," and sent it to her again.

And then she saw what before she'd forgot—as long as you have the Lord It don't matter much what else you've not got—the battle won't be too hard. For the strength is not yours, and often when you feel you are lone and weak.

The revival you prayed for comes with power, and the Holy Ghost will speak.

You may have a corps of one hundred souls; another elsewhere of five; And the hundred souls may have lost their love, but the other be all alive; And while the one will go into decline, the smaller will do the work. That God has raised up this Army to do—but many among us shrink. Or may have the Army work in a town, and yet it may not be there. For the General's spirit of *Milo End Waste* is even now somewhat rare. You may have a musical orchestra, and a band's help, I agree, But unless the bandmen can lap, "like doze" they had better elsewhere be!

You may have a Captain who knows by heart the "R. R." for the "F. O." And another who's got to spell out some big words, while the critics cough just so;

But while the first may have lost his first love, the other, it still on fire, Will walk in the power of the Holy Ghost, and lead his soldiers higher; And when the "fiery trial" shall come to them, as it comes to one and all, The one will still wear uniform, while the other will run from his call.

With what kind of test may the Lord to-day weed out, as He did of old? Well, it is not easy to say, my friend, for it may be brass or gold. It may be in your case a hard-go corps, or an unkind slight in mine; Or p'raps a bit of Babylonish lace in the matrimonial line. (Don't you think the devil's a bit concerned with what Salvationists do?) Whatever it is, it may do you good, and give you a chance to be One of the few who will lap like the dogs, and join in the victory.

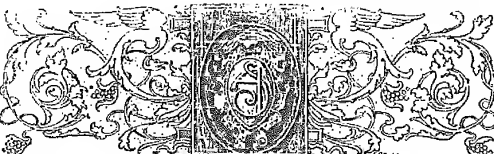
Oh, yes! had they known what the test was like—those 12,000 warriors brave—

The spirit of war would have urged them on, their reputation to save; And if some, who were in our Army once, had known the test in the way, They would have endured the hardness, I think, and been at the front to-day.

What shall we say, then? Let us say with Paul, "I'm determined not to know."

Anything, else among my fellowmen that has not the Army "go!" Then shall we lap with the boldest who lap, and be in the grand march past—

When the wisdom of this world shall shrivel, and its first become the last. —Adj. Phillips.



Seeds of Sermons.

DESTINY.

How often destiny creeps like a child to our doors; we do not recognize it at the time; it comes as it were, so naturally, so simply, that we cannot perceive the intruder to be our destiny, the ruler of our lives. But thus it was continually, and as it is it must be right.

LAUGHTER.

God made tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter keeps one of the main pillars of reason, being confined to the human species.—Leigh Hunt.

ASPIRATION.

There is within us a great wish that is never fulfilled; it has no name; it seeks its object, but no joy, nothing that we offer it, is what it desires. It comes again and again, as when in a summer night we look to a range of distant hills, or when moonlight is on the earth, and we are happy.—Richter.

LIFE.

Life is a walk—a steady, definite, onward movement—a progression with an end in view; a walk such as that for which the walker girds himself and sets out with stiff in hand, and cap firmly fixed on brow; and with even, steady steps, through stormy wind and driving rain, walks on until he gains his goal.—Dr. Cavendish.

COMPREHENSION.

There is greater variety of parts in what we call character, than there are features in a face; and the morality of that is no more determined by one part than the beauty or deformity of this is by one single feature; each is to be judged of by all the parts or features—not taken singly, but together.—Bishop Butler.

LIVING IN RUTS.

It is very necessary to be on the watch that life be not narrowed and limited in its powers through the daily repetition of the same acts in the same way. A man who thinks, and does the same things over and over again, day after day, and year after year, is in danger of becoming simply an automatic machine. The danger is, that the thoughts will become cramped, and that prejudices will spring up against everybody outside of the rut in which he lives. If continued long enough, these prejudices become so strong that it seems impossible to eradicate them. This is one of the great dangers to the sinner. The wicked habit is a rut which gets deeper and deeper every time the wrong deed is performed. Christ lifts the sinner out of the rut, and puts him on the broad highway of holiness.

STOPPING A BAD HABIT.

It is better, and often easier, to remove causes than effects. A person who has ruined his digestive organs by unwise eating habits, may stop absolutely all those habits, and live on the most severe of diets. But it is quite possible that the effects of his years of over-eating will never be repaired in this life. He puts a stop to that which has caused his trouble too late to be of service in repairing the wrong. The fire that is destroying a city warehouse may be extinguished only after thousands of dollars' worth of property have been for ever lost. It is true of some of our bad habits, or yet "minor" sins, that we can stop them at any time we wish. But can we undo the harm that they have already worked in our characters? The safest way is to check the destroying agency before it has a chance to begin.

The eyes that see Jesus will always see the right.

EVERY DAY



TRADE.

Before giving our readers closing paragraphs of the most useful and principal portions already published, purpose of refreshing their minds will be welcomed.

Starting with the advice, "thing to do with any form of which you cannot ask, and receive, the blessing of God," I propounded the test, "Can I conduct this concern in the spirit of prayer and can perform my duties at it? If not, have nothing to do with our business must be part of salvation."

Be truthful. "Do the right heavens fall." If you know prints you sell will not be colors, dare to say so. It is lie down on your bed at night clear conscience, than burden the thought of having effected however large the pecuniary lying and cheating.

Beware of covetousness the yearning after gain for sake. Covetousness is the untold human misery, and it.

Deal in sound and useful. The Quaker set an example value of this principle; that a reliable article, and secure trade. Flee adulteration let the poor woman's pennies be as good in quality and in quantity as can honestly be.

Look after your own business as much of the actual work as you can; at least, be faithful in the details connected with the work is done by others. It is properly carried out.

Be just and kind to those employ. Devolve responsibilities as they are able to encourage them by giving share in your profits.

Know, at all times, your position; do not live in a dise. Keep your expenses. Have no debts. Pay cash goods, and sell for cash.

Give God His share. observe this rule. The Scriptural and helpful has been urged by some and daughters of God show their all, and that to furnish a stopping-place. This argument, General answers in the end of his article:—

THE TENTH IS A PLAN.

But is not the notion you have to God also abuse? Indeed, when practical application of it not usually terminates sentimentalism? In the working of it out, it cannot, with the best translated into fact, with a wife and five children of thirty ability, if he literally acts upon he will give the whole of and have nothing left for clothing, housing, and

EVER THANKFUL.

(Continued from page 1.)

his head, said, "O Lord, for what I am about to receive, make me truly thankful."

"I have never forgotten it," said Miss Eva. "The poor old man's 'truly thankful' over that hard crust went to my heart, and when I think of my many mercies, or when I think of the joy comes to me, I always say in my heart, 'O Lord, make me truly thankful!'"

In a few minutes poor Bob had gnawed, like a hungry wolf, through the whole of the crust with his stumps of teeth, and had drunk the dirty water. Then the Captain ran out and got him some firing and a few provisions, and made him a cup of tea, and gave him some better bread to eat. The poor old man's eyes were full. He clasped his hands and wept, saying,

"It is the Lord! It is the Lord!"

His room was dreadfully dirty. There was no one to clean it, or do anything for him. A little shoeblack had been in the habit of creeping into the room at night and sleeping on the boards, for shelter. In return for his lodging, he would do little odds and ends for Bob, and run an errand for him, but the last three nights the boy had not come, and Bob knew not what had become of him.

Captain Eva found an old brush, and set to work to scrub the boards and clean the fire-place. This was a novel performance for her, and she used so much water over the floor that the occupants of the room below found it dripping into their dwelling, and came up with a noisy protest against the amateur scrubber.

Old Bob now became one of the special objects of her care. Often did the old man pray, with his hands upon her head, for the Lord to bless and use this young servant who had been the means of bringing so much comfort and consolation to the few remaining days of his old life, now so nearly run out.

"My life is lived," he would say, "and I am going to Jesus; but He will make you to shine for His glory for many years."

In a few weeks, Captain Eva's mission to old Bob was ended, for he passed from his poor earthly tenement to fill a mansion in the skies—one of the Lord's poor in this world, but rich for the world to come.

What a pathetic story, full of reproach to all of us who have infinitely more to thank God for, and are less grateful.

During the early Methodist revival in the South, a wealthy Maryland planter was riding one day to one of his plantations under a state of religious awakening. He heard the voice of prayer and praise in a cabin, and, hating, discovered that a negro from a neighboring state was leading the devotions of his own slaves, and offering fervent thanksgivings for the blessings of their depressed lot. His heart was touched, and, with emotion he exclaimed, "Alas, O Lord, I have my thousands, and tens of thousands, and yet,

Ungrateful Wretch that I Am, I have never thanked Thee, as this poor slave does, who has scarcely clothes to put on, or food to satisfy his hunger!" He never forgot the lesson.

If our frontpiece only helps to make the heart of each one who looks upon it, more grateful to God for His mercies, we shall consider that the artist who painted it has earned a reward beyond value.

May the Lord help us, under all circumstances, to retain a grateful spirit.

SELF INCENSE.

Beware, my son, of self incense. It is the most dangerous on account of its agreeable intoxication. Profit by thine own wisdom, but learn to respect the wisdom of the fathers also; learn, O my beloved, that the light of Allah's peace more easily than one too crammed with learning;—Barrachus Hassan Aglu, an Arab Sage.

→ Evolution of the Salvation Army. ←

All this time Mr. Booth had no definite plans for the future. From the first, he had been strongly opposed to the foundation of anything like a separate organization. The first idea was simply to get the people saved and

Send Them to the Churches.

This, however, at the outset, proved impracticable.

1st. They would not go when sent. 2nd. They were not wanted. 3rd. Some of them at least were required to help in the business of saving others.

Thus was Mr. Booth and his band of workers driven to providing for their own converts.

As the movement grew, it was resolved to constitute a mammoth working-men's society in the East End of London, and with smaller branches all round, but as the mission spread from one part of London to another, and then to the Provinces, it became accepted generally that their mission was to preach the Gospel to every creature and matters were arranged accordingly.

Mr. Booth believes that all the successes attending what has since become one of the most marvelous religious movements in the history of the world, have grown out of four simple principles.

(1) Going to the people with the message of salvation. Out of this has grown all our open-air operations, processions, bands, colors, uniform, and such like.

(2) Attracting the people. This has originated the various placards, and all other attractive announcements.

(3) Saving the people. Hence the services for conversion, for holiness, for consecration, for fiery baptisms of the Holy Ghost, and for heavenly enjoyment.

(4) Our employment of the people. Out of which has grown our varied classes of officers, opportunities for testimony, and the open door and continued encouragement to every man, and every woman, and every child, to use and exercise whatever gifts they may have received from God, for assisting Him in subduing and winning this rebellious world to Himself.

We have seen how the General almost drifted into this great life-work, and nothing could be more important to those who would rightly understand him, or the Army, than to hear in mind that nothing was pre-arranged, and that the huge Army of to-day has its origin in a man made.

Commencing with the formation of an East London Christian Revival Society, soon to be developed into an East London Christian Mission, to be called the Christian Mission as soon as its first narrow boundary had been passed, the General seems only to have become gradually reconciled to the idea of any permanent organization or settled plan. He had said, in fact, may be still said to have, only one absolute settled purpose—to save the largest possible number of the souls of the poor.

A tent was good enough to begin with, but it was blown down, and the people must meet somewhere; therefore, they were invited into the curious little rooms, of which we have already spoken, until

The First Real Headquarters

was secured in the most suitable of all imaginable localities, an old public-house in the Whitechapel Road, "The Eastern Star!" What a name, and what a word of promise for the world, written on that old, vile public-house sign!

The cholera year will never be forgotten by those who lived in London at the time. The misery and poverty of East-End life was that year exhibited in colors that ought not to have left an intelligent nation to sleep on for almost another twenty years before the "bitter cry" of millions of its poor, living under the very shadow of its shores, should reach us, and the extremity of that East-End misery had a great deal to do with many of the arrangements in connection with the General's work.

The mind almost becomes bewildered in attempting to realize all that was begun in that one little East-End hall. Amongst the list of the engagements, figured not only a long list of

open-air and indoor preaching services, but class meetings, mothers' meetings, temperance meetings, Banns of Hope, tract distributors' meetings, Bible classes, exhorters' meetings, and children's meetings.

Not one of this enormous variety of meetings was merely rushed over. Every department was

Carefully, Laboriously, Tearfully Cared for.

My workers filled with the same spirit and feeling as their leader, who ever incited them all to over-zealous exertion.

In all, through all, and above all, salvation was always the ideal kept in view in connection with all these things, and whether a meeting was called a Bible class, a mothers' meeting, a Band of Hope, or a soup distribution, it was pretty much the same—the outer arrangements might differ, but the one thing that anyone who ventured within the lines of the Mission must always expect was to be tackled about their souls.

As many as two thousand poor fellows would visit

The First Soup Kitchen

in one day, most of them paying pennies for basins of soup, and for substantial food supplied at that price. Free breakfasts were given now and then, on Sunday morning, to people to whom tickets had been carefully distributed by men one of their own class, who carefully hunted them out, one by one, until the sailors, and the half, and blind. But after soup and after breakfast came prayer, the prayer of men who meant to prevail, together with appeal upon appeal, arguing to immediate surrender to God as the only remedy for their miseries, temporal and spiritual. Those prayers and appeals did prevail to the salvation of many.

The visitation of sisters, who passed from room to room throughout the crowded tenement houses, quite as eager for the chance to pray with the people and lead them to Christ as for the opportunity to do good to their bodies by the presentation of a soup ticket, told far beyond what we can calculate upon the souls of the multitude.

As for mothers' meetings, we should not like to investigate too closely the question as to how many stitches were put into the garments, then in course of completion at those meetings in any given hour. There is no doubt that many a poor mother was enabled, with the aid of a few pence, carefully saved, to procure clothing, which would otherwise cost them many shillings. Be it said, however, that all the memories of these mothers' meetings, related to mother and daughter, sister that who, after a great deal of persuasion, were induced to come to such-and-such a meeting, where they were got upon their knees and transformed into lovers of the Lord before they left the place. We should like to hear of the establishment of millions of mothers' meetings of that sort.

(To be continued.)

I WILL TRUST THEE.

I can write my own name in Thy promise, dear Lord,
For I am Thy wandering sheep,
And surely 'tis me Thou hast come now to save.

Who here for my waywardness weep,
My name is not placed in the Lamb's book of life,
Nor engraved in Thy hands, risen Lord.

Then help me to yield to Thy Spirit's long strife,
And write it, with tears, in Thy word.
I will rest, sweetly rest, on Thy words,
So precious, so plain, and so true;
I am helpless and lost without Thee, blessed Lord,
I will trust Thee—'tis all I can do.

"It has been your reservations which have spoiled your consecrations."—The General.

Paul in the Witness-Box.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

"Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ."—1. Cor. xi. 1.

IN this age of uncertainty as regards religious matters, when secret unbelief seems to be sapling the very vitality of the church, and so few appear to be sure about their hold upon the practical and experimental side of God's promises, surely these words come as an astounding declaration.

"Be ye followers of me." It is quite refreshing to hear someone say he is not ashamed of his inner and outer life. We are so tired of these endless discussions, these eloquent disquisitions, these exact doctrines, these wonderful adorations of God and goodness. We have had the way explained so splendidly—the law laid down so minutely—all the things we are not to do, and those we are, we know almost by heart. But, somehow, notwithstanding it all, our souls are crying out for the living embodiment of it all, the crystallization of the truth, so to speak, in some human, tangible flesh-and-blood being like ourselves. Like the Judge on the bench, we look behind the jargon of the King's Council for

The Testimony of a Living Witness.

Like the share-holder, we are more concerned about the report of the assayer than the clasp-trap of the promoter. We want to know how the mine is panning out. Where, on where, we say, are the men who have seen, and lived, and handled the word of life? Where is the evidence on the subject—the evidence unshakable by the cross-fire of the daily witness-box—the testimony unattainable by the stern tests of the wear and tear of life? Where is the evidence on the promises of God, offering us liberty from the galling bondage of secret sin, and triumph over the outward foes that entrench themselves about our hearts, we look not for someone to expound them, or even enforce them, but for

Someone to Verify Them.

Someone who shall declare that he knows, he possesses, he feels, he overcomes. I say then that it is testimony we want. It is testimony in this hall this evening. It is testimony you want in your heart. Oh, how often have you said, "If I only could find someone who had it: someone who had really lived it out; someone who, proving the promises, had held continually the hand of God without perpetually letting go; someone more than conqueror over the hidden things of darkness, and triumphant over the billows of temptation and affliction." Well, here in this text you have the one you seek. Here is one, at least, whose word you will accept—Paul, the apostle—Paul, the inspired.

CHINESE FAMINE FUND.

It is a happy circumstance that Christians have been entrusted with the distribution of famine funds in north China. The heathen, during the last year, have been brought face to face with many foreigners, in the persons of soldiers and sailors, and have not only felt their power, but also, have seen their ways, which frequently have been anything but godlike. As they regard all foreigners as Christians the spiritual effect of meeting such foreigners has been anything but helpful. But now, in the time of the people's extremity, they are being brought into contact with foreigners of another class, and they are learning to make difference between foreigners and foreigners, between Christians and "Christians." The famine, therefore, in the opportunity of the church in north China, and nobly is she taking advantage of it, for by gifts at home, and through missionaries abroad, she is literally fulfilling the Master's word, "It thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." No doubt there will follow this forgiving and compassionate ministry, a great revival, the saving not only physically, but also spiritually, of many precious souls. May God grant it!—Faithful Witness.

Heroes of

This eminent man of faith was in the Kingdom of Prussia. He was converted to God when twenty years of age, in a small village that was conducted by a friend of his. After having many years in the university, Germany for England, in the of the Gospel, and was a church in Bristol for over fifty years. At the beginning of his ministry salary was made up of pew rent by other similar means. He saw the unscripturalness of these odds, and soon told the congregation, and would relieve them of anxiety, and if they would just what they could find it could for the rest he would simply say his Heavenly Father, and

Look to Him for all Necessary

He says: "Since that day fifty years ago, I have not had an abundance for all my needs under my control, nor have not any stated salary, regular income. Frequently copper had gone before the came, but I simply took the table, but I asked my friends to give them this day their share, and it always came. Not of them without good, or whole upon the table; not once did cold or hungry to bed."

His attention was drawn numerous throng of children, crying about the streets, dirty and ragged, suffering for want of clothing, and, having seen such blessed help in answer to his wondering if he could not, the matter to God, get all his assistance to help them.

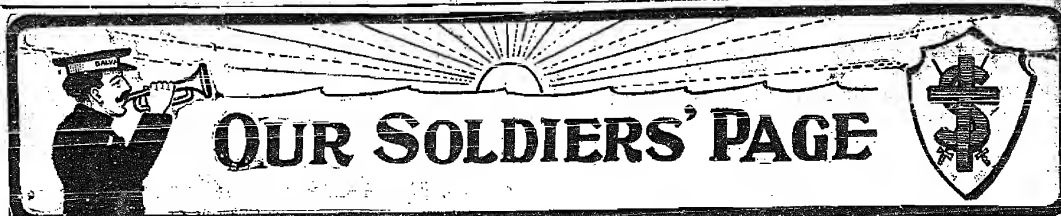
Such a strong hold of his in March, 1834, he founded a tuition that was under his which bears the name, The Knowledge Institution. He Altered. The object of this institution was to establish day and schools, circulate the among the poorest of the missionary efforts, and distribute tracts, pamphlets, and believers and unbelievers, friend orphans. At first he the patron of the institution are at present under his care. 15 schools—several in Spain and other parts of the globe, supported by funds coming over the institution, which God has and for which he had now ask any man to the amount cent. These 115 schools at the institution \$50,000 a year, this vast sum was obtained prayer and faith. In the of the Holy Scriptures the institution was something celebrated. During ten years, 11,000 and 12,000 Bibles, New Testaments, besides tions of the Scriptures, had tributed.

Between three and four tracts and pamphlets are year by year. More than millions of books, pamphlets have been given away; millions in various languages the result of this enormous of wholesome literature, a papias, and thousands of have been saved; while in Sunday and day schools, in ages, untold numbers of youth have been saved to God.

One Million for Missions

On mission work throughout the world, he has spent almost a million of dollars. But of the orphan was the project in view when the was founded, and in that direction eminently successful. One of the largest institutions in the world. He set for \$5,000 to start the in doing so he expected every cent without asking it. After four months he which came in small and from various directions, a house, and fitted it up home for thirty children day of the opening, he

(To be continued.)



Daily Readings.

IDEAL CONSECRATION.

"All is concentrated in a life intense. Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being."—Byron.

SUNDAY.

Absolute Surrender.—1. Kings xx. 1-4.
The condition for royal presentation is an ungloried hand. It symbolizes freedom from any reserve or hostility in the subject's allegiance to the crown. From Ben-hadad's time until the present day, this world's reigning powers have insisted on absolute surrender. We accept as an understood fact in everyday life what we must content in spiritual, yet God's way for us is still unconditional submission—and only by our entire abandonment to His will can we realize His purposes for us and through us.

MONDAY.

A Spiritual Sacrifice Which Includes Every Earthly One.—Rom. xii. 1-2.
More than half the spiritual thickets in which unsanctified hearts tangle themselves are the outcome of one-sided consecrations. Their prayers, their hymns, and those fagades of time into which many seek to cram the whole duties of their religion, are laid on the altar, but they are not willing that the whole business, fashion, and conversation of their daily life should be conformed to the image of His cross. But a surrendered life and a sanctified soul are inseparable, and you cannot have the experience of the latter without the sacrifice of the former.

TUESDAY.

The Last Bridge Burned.—1. Cor. ix. 24-27.
A manaced captive attempting to run a race would be an impossible situation. Yet what men would scorn as hopeless inconsistency in a physical contest, they are seeking every day to reconcile in their spiritual warfare. Indulgences which, to the man of low ideals, may be lawful, are not all consecration. With one whose standard is of higher order. The freeing of the world is terribly hindered by its would-be deliverers being such fettered people.

WEDNESDAY.

One Object in Life.—Phil. iii. 13-14.
Many life-failures are to be attributed not to insufficient ability or unfavorable circumstances, but to a lack of fixed purpose. What the helm is to the ship, purpose is to the life—a rudderless existence is sure to make shipwreck. Obstacles become opportunities and hostilities assistance to the man who is consumed by the fire of an undaunted ambition. Such an ambition was the apostle's. Every secondary consideration was but slight of, and both popularity and prison, honored hearing and shameful death, were but means to an end with him.

THURSDAY.

One Knowledge.—1. Cor. ii. 1-2.
Undue concern for the opinion of the world leads the soul into serious muddles, and places the whole service, both towards God and man, at a disadvantage. People who, with St. Paul, in all their dealings with others, know only "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," stamp their sincerity upon the conscience of the listeners, and demonstrate the truths which they declare. The continual remembrance and recognition of the cross may not always

guarantee popularity, but will insure inward peace and outward triumph.

FRIDAY.

Prayer Which Prevails.—Mark xi. 23-25; Eph. vi. 12.
Lack of concentration is the greatest stumbling-block to effectual prayer. We give ourselves too little chance to come really in touch with the Divine. Five minutes' abandonment to communion with God brings more reward than five hours of divided attention. If we could seal our mental vision to outward thought when we close our eyes to outward scenes, we should find God sooner when we pray.

SATURDAY.

God's Standard.—James i. 27.
Perfect charity and perfect purity are God's ideals for His saints, and we cannot help noticing that God has placed the charity first, as if to enforce its importance. A clean heart and a mean life are impossible associations. The world's most contaminating influence is the spirit of selfishness, hence the soul's best safeguard to keep unspoiled from its encroach is the cultivation of love.

Sems.

Forgetfulness of Blessings.—We write our blessings on the water, but our afflictions on the rock.

Individual Effort.—The historian remarks that at the Battle of Agincourt, every man fought as though the success of the day depended upon his own exertions.

Sensitiveness to Sin.—A beautiful flower—the wood sorrel—grows among the trees in some parts of England. It has shining green leaves, and transparent bells with white veins. When it is gathered roughly, or the evening dew falls, or the clouds begin to rain, the flower closes and droops; but when the air is bright and calm, it unfolds all its loveliness. Like this sensitive flower, spirituality of mind, when touched by the rough hand of sin, or the cold dews of worldliness, or the noisy rain of strife, hides itself in the quietude of devout meditation; but when it finds the influence of sunny and serene piety, it expands in the beauty of holiness, the moral image of God.

Repentance, Delaying.—If a man sets about climbing a steep cliff when he is young and active, and has the free use of his limbs, he has a great advantage; the old and the crippled are pretty sure to fall. So it is with repentance. The young can mount the hill, if they set about in good earnest, with much less toil. But they who are old in sin, they whose souls have become stiff through years of wickedness, and have grown doubtful, so to say, by always looking earthward, how can they make the efforts which are needed for such a task? Of all hopeless miracles, the miracle of a death-bed repentance seems one of the most hopeless.

Forgiveness of Injuries.—Take a piece of wax and put a seal to it. It leaves an impression or mark like itself in the wax, which, when a man looks on, he does certainly know that there hath been a seal, the print whereof is left behind. Even so it is, every one that hath a readiness to forgive others, by which a Christian may know easily that God hath sealed to him the forgiveness of his sins in his very heart. Let men, therefore,

but look into their hearts, whether they have any affection, any inclination to forgive others, for that is, as it were, the print in their hearts of God's mercy towards them in forgiving of them.

Weak Faith.—As many a man loses the sight of a city when he comes near it, so many a choice soul loses the sight of heaven even when it is nearest to heaven.

A Man of One Idea.

By A. L. P.

"Then we must separate, Cecil." The tone was as decided as it was regretful, and the speaker pushed back his chair, as if to end the conversation.

"I can't, for the life of me, see why we can't come to terms," objected the languid youth from the arm-chair. "I'm willing enough to do a little psalm-singing on Sundays, if you'll give up being a hermit on week-days. It's this confounded habit of bringing religion into everyday business that I can't put up with."

"It's the only thing worth anything to me—or to anyone else. One can't do wrong and right at the same time. Cecil, I can't go with the world and hold on to God. But it's hard to leave you all fellow. Why shouldn't you make a clean sweep, too?"

"Because I just can't, Alec. I confess I like to stand true with people, and society hates a fellow that's extreme. But there's no reason for you to desert me. Go a few times to the theatre and the club with me—with you I'm sure to keep straight. It may be lazy, but alone I simply can't stand against the tide."

There was an affectionate appeal in the weak face that was a temptation to the stronger nature of his friend. Yet he turned aside, saying sadly:

"It's no use, old boy. If you won't go with me, I can't go with you—my world and your's won't mix. We shall have to say good-bye."

But it was a bitter word. At school and college they had been fast friends together. Now a serious conversion had found the backbone in the one character, while the other was content to drift with the stream, and the parting of the ways had come.

"Have you heard the latest of our old friend Alec?"

"Neither stale nor fresh news comes my way," returned the other occupant of the smoking-room, in whom it was not hard to recognize the Cecil Thorne of old days. Ten years of self-indulgence had not enhanced his good looks—upon his effeminate features rested the scars of habitual discontent.

"Why, I went to hear him, when I was in the city last week, at the old rink. Tell you what, though, he gets the biggest crowds together you ever saw. You should hear him hold forth in his red guernsey. He's a queer way of making your conscience creep, and I tell you what, Thorne, if there's a man who has made a success of his religion, he's the one—he's as thin as a rake, but a happier face I never saw on any man."

A success of his religion? Long after the other had gone Cecil Thorne sat repining to himself those words. He looked round his luxurious room, with its costly fittings, glanced down his own faultless attire, and fingered the cards in the tray with their reminders of the claims of the society for which he had bartered so much, and owned himself a disappointed man.

Arrows from the General's' Quiver.

Men's hearts are won by love—the love that suffers, and tells, and sacrifices on their account.

Soul-saving is, I admit, hard work to the poor body. But then, it was hard work for our dear Lord, and He turned not aside.

Preach Jesus to the children, just as you do to the older people. They will understand you and bless you if you give them the truth.

If you want to do better with the children, if you want them to be good, and to persevere, and to turn out holy, useful men and women, get them converted.

Imperfect as we are, I flatter myself that there is no other training ground in the wide world where children will have as good a chance of being saved and sanctified, and made into devoted warriors of the cross, as in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

I do not see how any man can give up the work of saving souls, and sit down in selfish idleness, without, sooner or later, grieving the Spirit and losing the life of God out of his soul.

Live so that other people will be pleased that you live, and will thank God that ever you were born—not merely because you amuse them, but because you bless them. . . . To this end you must rise above the mean selfishness which does not go beyond its own gratification.

Live so that you will be pleased that you do live. Make your life a satisfaction and a joy to yourself. . . . Watch your treasure, mind your business, resist temptation, keep your witness clear, maintain a good conscience, and do your duty to God and man.

It hurts me as nothing else does in this world, to see those who have fought by my side, and joined their songs, and prayers, and entreaties with mine, give up and leave me to struggle on as best I can.

One soldier cannot grow weary with out encouraging another. We are bound so closely together, that one cannot stop working without danger of another following his example. Persevere, and others will keep their hearts up, stand their ground, and go ahead. Give up, and others, influenced by your example, will be dragged away from the carrying of the cross.

Lost souls in hell feel how infinitely superior holiness is to wickedness; how much better it would have been for them if they had washed their hearts white in the blood of the Lamb when they had the privilege.

Wicked men often admire purity. They look on it as being beautiful and desirable in others, although they regard it as being impossible to them. . . . When they see people whom they know are pure and good, they hate themselves.

Keep going on. Never mind your feelings. Remember your reward. Look at your crown. He has promised to give you one if you stick to your duty, and live, and fight, and die at your post. It is yours already—do not let it go for want of a struggle.

PILGRIMS

A SALVATION

BY CAPT. CO.

SECOND

CHAPTER IX.

MESSRS. BRISK AND SKILL.

Now, before the pilgrims had been here more than a week, a certain clergyman, named the Rev. Shortcut Brisk, became a constant visitor, pretending to be somewhat smitten with a Mercy. He was a man who had a large church of his own, with a state salary, but his people were not spiritually inclined. As for conversions, they never took place in his church, although he was said to be "not much against them." Mercy was undoubtedly good looking, so had captivated his eye. She was also very industrious, so he thought she would make him a good wife. He was convinced enough to think that as soon as he proposed to her, she would at once throw up her pilgrimage (as some others had done in similar cases) and agree to marry him on his own terms. Here, however, he was mistaken, for she mentioned the matter to Sister Love, who told her what she knew of him.

A Frustrated Proposal.

"The . . ." said Mercy, "I will think no more of his proposal, for I cannot afford to let the devil put a drag on my soul."

Faith then remarked, "You need not say much to him; when he sees you busily engaged making up these garments for the poor, it will quickly cool his courage."

So the next time he came she was at her old work again, making things for the poor.

Then said he, "What! always at it?"

"Yes," she said, "either for myself, or for others, and I am happier when it is for others, and not for myself."

"How much can you earn a day?" says he.

"I do these things," she replied, "that I may be rich in good works, laying up treasure in heaven."

"They don't want them up there, I am sure," said he, with a laugh.

"What do you do with them?"

"I clothe the poor and naked," she said.

With this his countenance fell, and shortly afterwards he took his departure. He never returned, and when



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THE WAR CRY.

PILGRIMS PROGRESS. A SALVATION ARMY VERSION BY CAPT. COPPERFIELD SECOND BOOK

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asked the reason why, he said that Mercy was a pretty lass, but had pec- uliar ideas of practical religion that he could never tolerate. When he had left her, Faith said, "Did not I tell you what he would do?"

M.: "I'd rather not marry at all than marry the like of him. Who wants to have the doubtful bond of partial over- sight of his dead souls? Not me, I'm sure. I had a sister once who married just such an one. The world said she was so fortunate, had such a high position, but her silk dress covered an aching heart, which her husband broke so that he might marry somebody else!"

F.: "And yet he was a professor of religion, I suppose?"

M.: "Oh, yes; one of the orthodox sort; their name is legion."

A Bad Case of Indigestion.

Now Matthew, the eldest son of Christiansa, fell sick, and Christiansa got so much concerned about him that she at once sent off for the near- est doctor, one Mr. Skill. So he came, and after looking at his tongue (which he told him to long-out as far as he possibly could) and feeling his pulse, he concluded that he had an attack of indigestion. Then he said to his mother, "What has he been eating of late?"

"Nothing but what is wholesome," she replied.

Dr. Skill answered, "This boy has something lying in his stomach un- digested, that will not leave of itself, and I tell you he must be purged, or he will die."

Then said Samuel, "What was that white my brother gathered up and ate, where the trees hung over the wall from the orchard?"

"True, my child," said Christiansa, "he did eat some of that fruit, I re- member; I told him not to, but he would."

Skill: "I knew he had eaten some unripe fruit, which is most indigest- ible. Many have died from less than this, notwithstanding the advance of medical science."

Then Christiansa began to cry, and say, "Oh, Matthew! My son, my son! What would become of me if you were to die?"

S.: "Come, do not lose heart; it is a very dangerous case, but I will do my very best to pull him through. You can depend on me."

C.: "Thank you, sir, please try the utmost of your skill with him, what- ever it costs."

S.: "Our charges are laid down by the law that permits us to practice."

So he made him a purge, but it was too weak. It was made of goat's blood, ass's milk, garlic, and assafoe- tida, mixed with honey. When Dr. Skill found this purge was too weak, he made one from a Latin prescrip- tion, and mixed it into pills with starch and gum. When these pills— four of them—were brought to the boy, he flatly refused to swallow them, although well doctored up with the indignation.

"Come," said the physician, "you must take it."

"It goes against my stomach," says the boy.

"I must have you take it," says his mother, sternly.

"I shall vomit it up again," says the boy.

"Please," said the mother, turning to the doctor, "how does it taste?"

"It has no bad taste," said he.

With that she touched one of the pills with the tip of her tongue; "Oh, Matthew," she says, "it is as sweet as honey! If you love me, if you love your brothers, if you love Mercy and Eve, you will take them."

So he sat up in bed, and, looking as unpleasant as he possibly could, took it without further ado. But it did wonders within the next few days. It caused him to purge, it caused him to sleep, and rest quietly. It put him in a fine perspiration, and the indigestion left him. So the following week he got up, and, by the aid of a walking- stick, went from room to room, telling Faith, Hope, and Love of his sickness, and how Dr. Skill had healed him.

The next day the physician was back again. He had come to pay an- other visit, and to collect his fee, which, considering his reputation, was very moderate.

A Straight Question.

"Pardon me," said Sister Faith to him, when he was about to go, "have you ever been converted?"

He hesitated for a moment, and looked perplexed. "You are the first," said he, "that has ever asked me such a question. Being that you are a Salvationist, I suppose I must excuse you. My answer is, No."

He hesitated for a moment, and looked perplexed. "You are the first," said he, "that has ever asked me such a question. Being that you are a Salvationist, I suppose I must excuse you. My answer is, No. . . . medical men have little time for this sort of thing; nor does our daily work (Sun- days included) tend to spiritualize us. Nor does our intercourse with profes- sing Christians help to make us other than what we are. The vast majority of us are skeptics, and are not

ashamed to own it. The Scripture that we agree with everybody be persuaded in the mind." Good-bye! I'll send contribution one of these days," he laughed and was gone.

"Well, I never!" said Christiansa, who had been listening, "and to think that I was conferring with an unbeliever, and consequently, an enemy of the King! The next time I send for a doctor, I must get a Christian one, even if I have to go myself and search the countryside for such. And, mind you, I was thinking of purchas- ing a few boxes of his pills to take on the journey with us. Now I shall do without them, and trust to Providence."

"I'm glad to hear you speak like that," said Sister Love, "you were in too much of a hurry from the first; so in your anxiety you forgot to ask the Lord to show you what to do. And so you sent for the wrong man, al- though, he says, he cured your son. I know what Commissioner Pearson would have said about it."

C.: "What?"

A Better Way.

L.: "Well, you see, he goes by the Word, which says, 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall heal the sick, and the Lord shall (not may!) raise him up, and his sins shall be forgiven him.' He has called us together many a time for this purpose."

C.: "And has it succeeded?"

L.: "Yes, and those who have been healed, have also been spiritually blessed at the same time, according to the promise."

C.: "Then it is a better way than the other."

L.: "That is just what it is—the better way. Perhaps not the only way. Yet none but sanctified people follow this prescription, and I fear, but few of them. If they did, God would be honored thereby—but in many a city the 'craft would be in danger, and would cry, somewhat as they did of old, 'Great is Diana of the Physicians'."

In this way, and with much other profitable conversation, the time of the departure of the pilgrims drew near, and they intimated the same to the sisters, who were sorry that their stay was so short.

(To be continued.)

PLEASURES OF LIFE.

If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God makes all men to be happy.—Epicurus.

A cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around.

Nothing can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—St. Bernard.

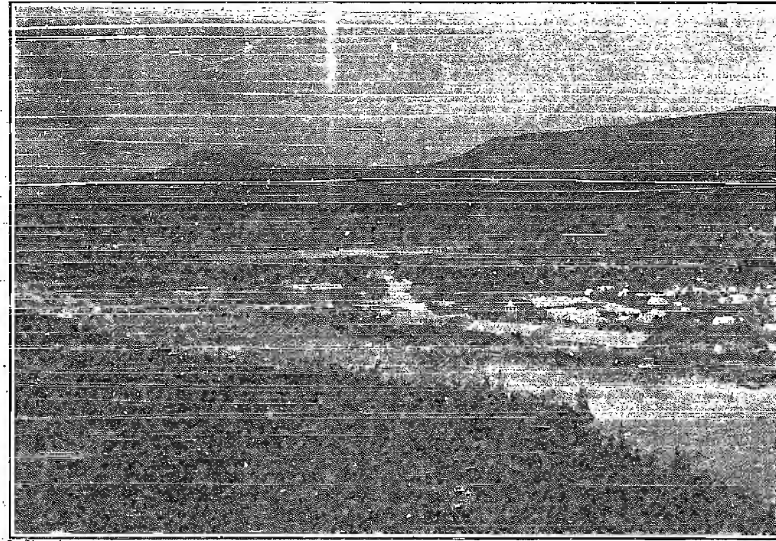
I am always content with that which happens; for I think that which God chooses is better than what I choose.—Epicurus.

The man who is not content with little is content with nothing. Epi- curus.

"The religion which Christ founded has been a mighty influence in the civilization of the human race. If we of to-day owed to it nothing more than this, our debt of appreciation would be incalculable. The doctrine of love, purity, and right living has, step by step, won its way into the heart of mankind, has exalted home and family, and has filled the future with hope and promise." William McKinley.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

Once realize what the true object is in life—that it is not pleasure, not knowledge, not even fame itself, "that last infirmity of noble minds," but that it is the development of char- acter, the rising of a higher, nobler, purer standard, the building up of the perfect man—and then, so long as this is going on, and will, we trust, go on for evermore, death has for us no terror; it is not a shadow, but a light; not an end, but a beginning.—Lewis Carroll.



White Horse, Yukon Territory.

Territorial Newslets

Ontario Province has a long list of sick and resting officers. Pugh continues very poorly, but ending slowly. Ensign Jones is unable to take an appointment for a time, owing to a serious break in health. Capt. Hutt is very well and her life has lately been decided. Of Capt. Randall is in the hospital at Kingston, seriously ill with typhoid fever. Let us fervently pray on the Throne on behalf of these officers who have fallen.

Comrades in Dawson City are in the anticipation of a successful winter's work. The season of ice snow has already commenced, the Social Wood Yard is doing a trade.

A death angel has visited the of Sergeant Major and Mrs. Keane of London, taking to heaven their child. The funeral was held by Adj. and Mrs. McGilvray. God comfort our comrades in sorrow.

deeply sympathize with Lieut. Mason in the loss sustained by the loss of her youngest sister, aged 11. Her rank amongst the oldest soldiers of the Riverside corps. The consolation of a loving Christ shines continually.

A familiar form of our old comrade, Major Gneston, in and around territorial centre during the past year, brings to mind happy times. We cannot say that he has gained in stature or flesh during his seven months' absence. He is now with Newfoundland, and has participations for the Army's future in the island.

A SINNER'S PRAYER.

That for our sins didst take us on form, and humbly make us home on earth;
That to Thy Divinity in nature didst ally mortal birth;
That form didst suffer here to agony, and fear, and patiently;
redeeming grace alone, for merits of my own, pardon me!

Coming Events

Spiritual Specials.

GALT AND CAPT. LUDREW

at Cobourg, Fri., November 7, Brockville, Sat., Nov. 11; Perth, Tues., Nov. 12, 13, 14; at Nov. 15, to Wed., Nov. 16.

Hot Revivalists.

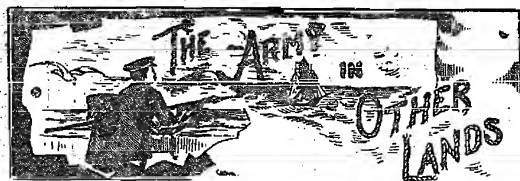
IER PUGMIRE AND HIS ASSISTANT

Guelph, Thurs., Nov. 7, to 15; Hespeler, Wed., Nov. 20; Dec. 2; Temple, Fri., Thurs., Dec. 19.

ONTARIO SOUL-SAVING TROUPE.

Norwich, Nov. 8 to 18, Innes, Nov. 19 to 28, Innesburg, Nov. 29 to Dec. 8; Dec. 10 to 15; Blenheim, Dec. 16 to 21; Leamington, Dec. 21 to 25; Jan. 10 to 20; Windsor, 20.

THE WAR CRY.



GREAT BRITAIN.

The general has had what is generally conceded one of the most wonderful days of his life at Leicester. The new Palace Theatre was used on this occasion, and thronged at each sitting. One hundred and thirty-six souls sought pardon and holiness, among whom were some remarkable cases.

The Chief of the Staff has been very unwell, and could not go to his room for a week or so. He is, however, we are glad to say, much better, and able to resume his duties at Interim Headquarters.

The marriage of Commissioner McKie with a daughter of Germany, and a faithful officer in the Army, was carried out in a manner in every way worthy of the occasion. Not for years has the Congress Hall, at Clapton, presented such a variety of heart-inspiring scenes as it did last Thursday. "The war first!" was the keynote of every movement. From the time the bride and bridegroom approached the marriage altar, at half-past two in the afternoon, till the service was finished, at 9.30, were the couple fighting for the salvation of sinners. "It was a great day," as Commissioner Cadman emphasized at night, great as an object-lesson to the officers and soldiers present, great in the reward to the devotion of two single lives, and great as foreshadowing another advance in Australia. The Chief of the Staff pointed out in a friendly gathering of officers between the two meetings, that the Army is gradually fostering among the nations of the earth the spirit of true brotherhood, of which this wedding was by no means the smallest illustration: and, from this standpoint, the marriage of Commissioner McKie is worth noting. Commissioner and Mrs. McKie, who are now on the way to their important command, carry with them the prayers of thousands of their comrades, for their blessing and usefulness in the distant Commonwealth.

Accompanied by Staff-Capt. Tracy, Editor of the Local Officer, Commissioner Nicol spent two days at New Brompton, for the purpose of clearing to who extends the literature of the Army is read by Locals and soldiers. If New Brompton may be taken as an average, the result was satisfactory. The two journalists spent Saturday afternoon in visiting Local Officers at their homes, plying them with searching questions. Saturday night was devoted to an explanation of their visit, and finished with two souls at the Mercy Seat. At knue-drill the Commissioner expounded the Lord's Prayer, and one more sought full salvation. In the morning Staff-Captain Tracy's searching address and the Commissioner's appeal led to thirteen surrenders, among them being one or two backsliders. The interval in the afternoon was devoted to a council on Salvation literature, with many Local Officers very profitable to Editors and others. Locals, to a man, promised to read their own magazine as never before. The attack on sinners and backsliders at night resulted in thirteen for salvation; twenty-eight, in all, for the week-end.

JAPAN.

Colonel Bullard has opened two new corps in Japan. They are Tokyo VII, and Takasaki. The opening meetings were a success, and the future prospects are bright.

Our comrades in Japan have just had their Week of Self-Denial, Oct.

12th to 19th. There are indications of a glorious victory.

Three of the men who, at the instigation of the brothel-keepers, organized and led an attack against the Army in Tokyo (Japan) during its crusade against brothelism last year, have got converted, and are now working hard as devoted Salvationists.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Kilbey is again at the Headquarters in Cape Town, after a stirring tour in the Transvaal. Although having been in charge of the South African work for nearly two years, this was the Commissioner's first visit to Johannesburg and the Transvaal, and it has left its impression. Rousing meetings were conducted, and the tour resulted in sixty-nine seeking salvation and holiness.



Commissioner and Mrs. McKie.
Recently married at the Congress Hall, London.

Mrs. Brigadier Rauch, who has been a great sufferer of late, in consequence of blood poisoning, caused by the prick of a pin, is now rapidly recovering.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

The Harvest Festival Campaign in Holland has been on a larger scale than in any previous year. Increases are reported from all parts of the country.

Among the converts who were captured at the recent opening of a Rotterdam corps was a man who had broken into the quarters and threatened to kill the officers of a neighboring corps. He was well-known as a desperate character, but God quickly set him free.

A gentleman was attracted to the Salle Auber, Paris, by the singing of the children of the Army Orphanage. He had passed through great trouble. His wife and two children, a short time before, had been burned to death, during his absence from home. Before the meeting closed he found salvation, and now testifies to the fact.

A new wing has been added to the Catherine Booth Hospital, at Nagscott (India). All the additional cots were occupied by patients before the public opening.

Mrs. Brigadier Clibborn, of Italy, is in a very critical condition. Alarming

symptoms have declared themselves. Notwithstanding her great suffering and extreme weakness, she constantly bears witness to the deep peace of God which fills her soul, and her testimony is a great comfort and blessing to those who surround her. Will our comrades pray that God may give to her, and to Brigadier Clibborn, all conquering grace?

Copenhagen's eleventh corps has just been opened, amid much rejoicing. The barracks is in a thickly-populated district which has hitherto been unworried by the Army.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The city of Royan, one of the most fashionable summer resorts, has been visited by the Salvation Army. During the whole season, many officers regularly conducted salvation campaigns, which proved to be rich in heavenly blessing.

Commissioners Booth-Hellberg, who are soon to leave France, will conduct great farewell meetings in Paris, Lyons, Nîmes, and Bordeaux.

The appointment of Commissioner Railton to the command of the French Territory has been welcomed with joy by the officers, soldiers, and friends of our work. The Commissioner is well known in France, and his sterling qualities have already won him the affection and love of those who

UNITED STATES

A great salvation campaign has been organized to cover a span of three months. During this time proposed to materially increase present standing of the Army's work in the United States.

The Field Secretary, Brigadier Miles, is organizing a brigade at National Headquarters, who will be specialising every night for two months.

After a long and painful illness, the death angel has relieved little Archie Holland from his sufferings. We bespeak the sympathy and prayers of comrades throughout the Dominion for Colonel and Mrs. Holland, in their hours of bereavement.

The Harvest Festival has been the best yet known. There are rejoicings all over the Field over spiritual and financial triumphs.

The Consul had somewhat of a setback during the past week, owing to the formation of some painful abscesses, but the doctor is of opinion that the new difficulty is of a temporary character, and while it has been necessary to submit to a slight, though trying, operation, there now seems good reason to hope that she will soon be able to resume a measure, at least, of her responsibilities and activities. The continued weak condition of her heart makes it still necessary that she should, for the present, avoid every unnecessary strain.

Major Kimball's health is, unfortunately, in a condition which prevents him, for a while, doing public work. He is to be relieved of the command of the Northern Pacific Division at once, and will succeed Staff-Captain Connell, in charge of the Western Insurance Department, at San Francisco. Major Dublin, the General Secretary of Ohio, Kentucky, and Southern Province, succeeds Major Kimball in Portland, Ore.

Brigadier Streton is better, but his health is so far from satisfactory that the Commander has decided to release him from Divisional work, and he will be facewelling from his present command in Southern California the end of the present month. Staff-Capt. Connell succeeds the Brigadier, whose appointment will be made known later.

Brigadier Cox is under marching orders. The Brigadier has worked hard and successfully in building up the Insurance Department, and now he has to leave it in the hands of his successor, whose name will be divulged later, as also will the future appointment of Brigadier Cox.

ITALY.

Mrs. Brigadier P. Clibborn is critically ill. The Criso di Guerra, in a short notice, says that our beloved comrade is getting nearer and nearer the pearly gates.

The Harvest Festival was a marked success.

Some of our officers are meeting much opposition. At Savona, more especially, the police authorities seem to side with the disturbing element.

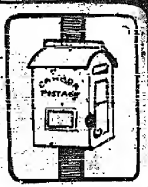
SOUTH AMERICA.

Brigadier S. Maidment has spent a few weeks visiting the posts under his command. He was warmly welcomed everywhere.

Capt. Bottery, the Captain-explorer, has just ended a new exploration tour, having visited the most northern part of the country. In his report he is quite sanguine at the excellent opportunities the Army will meet when officers are sent to that far-off territory. The Captain has started on a new trip.



CORPS CORRESPONDENT'S PAGE.



Thank-Offering Meeting.

Brandon.—Since last report we have had some blessed times. On Sunday afternoon we had a Harvest Festival thank-offering meeting, and when Mrs. Ensign Wynn appealed to the people of this place they kindly and liberally donated the sum of \$79. We feel very grateful to God for the way He is helping us. The crowds are increasing and the interest spreading. The week-end meetings were times of blessing. God came very near, and at the window last night there were three in the fountain, and a number of others were convicted, whom we are still praying and believing for. The battle is the Lord's and we are sure to win.—A. S. E.

Gave Her Heart to Jesus.

Comfort Cove.—On Sunday we had a good day. Although our numbers were small, God came very near and blessed us, and at night we had the joy of seeing one precious soul come forward and give her heart to God. We are believing for many more.—A. Newhook, Lieut.

God Has Helped us.

Digby, N.S.—H. F. is over and we smashed our target. Although the fighting has been hard, yet God has wonderfully helped and blessed us. We are in for victory through the blood of the Lamb.—H. White, Lieut.

The Voice of Conscience.

Dresden.—The Lord has been blessing the labors of Capt. Thompson and Lieut. Murray, and souls have been won for Him. Last Sunday night three sinners came to the Cross, and God saved them. On Thursday night we had a special meeting. The officers from Blenheim, Bothwell, and Wallaceburg came to assist, also the Rev. Mr. Morris (Methodist) gave a beautiful address on the voice of conscience, showing us that through obeying the Spirit of God as He speaks to us, we may attain to a higher or purer life. Altogether we had a very pleasant and profitable time, and are believing for greater things in the future.—Sister Mrs. Coe.

Times of Great Blessing.

Fernie, B.C.—Although we are here surrounded with mountains, God is helping us to march forward in His strength. Capt. and Mrs. Jackson are working hard, and have taken a firm hold of the town. We are all pleased with them. God has wonderfully blessed their efforts in this place already, and we have had the joy of seeing souls seeking the Saviour's pardon, who are already marching and testifying to His saving power, and in the near future will be enrolled as blood-and-fire soldiers. God's Spirit is working amongst the people, and we believe we shall see a break in the devil's ranks before long. Our Harvest Festival was a time of power and victory, and we came off more than conquerors—target of \$129 smashed. Our soldiers, though few in number, were heard with the officers, and the Juniors also did well. The people at Fernie are good at giving, and have a good opinion of the Army work. We pray that God may bless and reward them for their kindness.—Treas. D. McMillan.

Sorry to Lose Them.

Fredericton, N.B.—We can point to another victory, as we have reached our H. F. target. Great praise is due to the workers, who made the most of their chances, and helped to score a success. We have recently sent two brothers into the Field, and we are expecting some more to follow, for we are proving that the harvest is great and the laborers are few. Now, comrades, you that feel the call, hurry up, for it will soon be night. We are sorry to hear that Adj. and Mrs. Jennings have orders to farewell. They

have only been with us a few months, and we learned to love them for their work's sake. They have both worked hard and faithfully, and have got things into good shape for a winter's campaign. We will, however, give our new leaders a good welcome, feeling they have been sent of God. We bespeak a good time for Adj. and Mrs. Jennings in the West, although we are sorry to lose them from the East. Our hearts go out in sympathy to Capt. Clark, of Chatham, N.B. (late Captain of this corps) in the loss of his dear wife, who has been promoted to glory. The Captain has the prayers of the comrades and his many friends of this city.

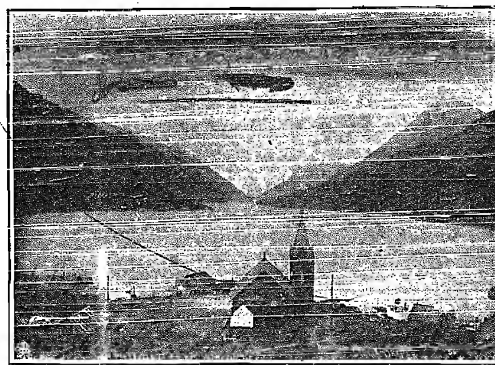
Adventures.

Gananoque.—Harvest Festival is over, and we reached our target only by a great deal of hard work and quite a few adventures. We had to collect around the country, and that meant getting a horse and rig. Capt. Crego, who is in command, and your humble servant didn't know much more about a horse than it knew about us. We

himself in possession of all sorts of ladies' wearing apparel, without hope of joyful disposal, and with the weary question on his lips, "What shall I do with them?" As a result, God bless the bachelors. Tuesday night, cake and coffee social, well patronized. Wednesday night, Major Southall gave us another lesson in his dexterous methods of manipulating the weapons of salvation warfare. Good! Little higher there, Ned. Now ready—\$150—take aim—fire! Hurrah, hit! H. F. O. K. The rest of the week, fighting brisk; no prisoners taken, though the boys are doing some fair shooting. The Captain is getting them well under drill, and is beginning to talk of a general assault. Look out, old devil!—Buckskin Brady.

Cottage Meetings a Blessing.

Kinmount.—We are glad to report victory. The four cottage meetings led by Capt. Meeks, and three led by the Lieutenant, in Kinmount, proved to be a great blessing to the people. The crowds and interest are increasing.—G. E. Williams, Cadet-Lieut.



First Presbyterian Church, Bennett, B. C.

got in one village where we couldn't succeed in getting anyone to let it for us, and the former took care of the poor animal while the latter collected. We got there just the same. God is with us, and we are in for victory. Through Christ we shall conquer.—Newell, for Crego.

Believing for Great Things.

Gooseberry Island.—Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. From early morning, at knee-drill, until the close of the meeting at night, the power of God was felt in our midst, and conviction was stamped upon the hearts of many. Although none yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit, yet we have every reason to believe that before long there will be a big smash in the enemy's ranks, as God is working mightily on the hearts of the unconverted. Our H. F. effort is a thing of the past, and we have gone over our target. We are going in to accomplish greater things for God in the future.—Ethel Leabrey, Lieut.

Hopeless Bachelors.

Grand Forks, N.D.—Don't a land of ice business down here this week. Last Monday night was Harvest Festival auction, and Dr. Church did the cry in such a delightful way that bids ran together from all parts of the hall. Like drives of wild horses forming for a stampede. Hopeless bachelors, driven to rashness by the excitement, ran blazers on each other, till at the close more than one found

times, with souls in the fountain, and others seeking holiness. In a recent holiness meeting six souls knelt before God seeking holiness. At the next meeting, on Saturday evening, another soul sought salvation. On Sunday we prayed and pleaded with God on behalf of sinners, and in the evening meeting rejoiced over five souls at the penitent form pouring out their souls to God for salvation. We finished up with a march around the hall, praising God for victory.—A. French.

Loss and Gain.

Pictou.—Last Tuesday night we had a few specials—Major Turner, P. O.; Capt. Poole, G. B. M. Agent, and Capt. L. Wilson, from Trenton. The meeting was a success. Capt. Poole sang and testified to God's saving and keeping power, while Capt. Wilson, for the first time, testified in Pictou. She spoke very kindly of Ensign and Mrs. Pugh, having been stationed with them. The Major's subject was "Loss and Gain," which he handled well. We believe a work was done, although none yielded. Ensign Pugh is improving. May God's healing hand be laid upon him. H. F. sale on Monday night was a success.—Little Dawson.

Successful Wind-Up.

Parrsboro, N.S.—Our Harvest Festival has indeed been a success. We not only reached our target, but passed it, breaking the record of anything raised here before for Harvest Festival. The people gave liberally, the comrades worked willingly, and the Juniors did nobly, which enabled us to wind up successfully.—Capt. and Mrs. Bowering.

Many Blessings.

Regina.—Since you last heard from this place God has blessed and helped us in many ways. H. F. target has been smashed, four raw Local Officers commissioned, and two souls saved. Lieut. Oxenrider, who has been in the hospital for the past month with typhoid fever, is doing nicely, and we hope, ere long, he will be back to the battle's front. Capt. Gamble, who has been helping push the old chariot along in this place, leaves to-day to start on his magic lantern tour.—Capt. C. J. Scott.

Captured from the World.

Revelstoke, B.C.—Revelstoke dead! Well, I guess not. Since Capt. and Mrs. Brown took charge we have been having glorious times. They are the right officers in the right place. They had not been here more than two weeks before they captured a sister from the midst of the world. On Sunday a soldier was enrolled, and Cadet Lewis (the sister mentioned above) fared well. After a hard fight on our knees, we closed with one soul at the penitent form crying for mercy. Now he is right in harness, and promises to be a blood-and-fire soldier. We feel proud to send a Cadet from our corps, and look for great things from her. Soldiers are coming in from the hills, and we expect to make the devil shake before the winter is over. Hurrah for Revelstoke!—Happy Yankin.

Nine Seeking God.

Seal Cove.—Although you have not heard from us for some time, yet we have not been idle. We have been pegging away at the enemy, and God has been blessing and owning our labors. Since coming here we have had the joy of seeing six process conversion, and the sanctification. We have painted the walls and roof of the barracks outside, collected \$18 to put a fence around the cemetery, and lastly, but not least, we have hit our Harvest Festival target, and gone a little over. On the whole, we are having the victory.—R. Bowering, Lieut.

Twelve at the Mercy Seat.
Ottawa.—During the past fortnight we have had some real soul-refreshing

HITTING THE TRAIL ALASKA.

The H. F. Journey of Capt. Long Skagway.

Travelling in these parts has a character that cannot easily be described. One lady appropriately termed beautiful part of the world. At this time of the year the mountains wear a beautiful robe of yellow, and green, and headgear of white, and further down, and on people keep their "weather eye," it tells of cold days and nights, "mushing" over the ice, instead sailing along in a steamer. It is twined are lakes and rivers, puzzles one to know from whence come and whither they go. This, blended with the kindness shown many of the people (ministers families especially), inclines me to give my trip for H. F. the twin of a pleasure trip.

Of course, my friend, the War accompanied me on this trip, and quite warmly received by a good number. As I passed in and around tent houses, I heard the Salvation spoken of a number of times in unfriendly tone.

Hata were lifted and faces brightened at the sight of the uniform. One man seemed quite agitated at the sight of it, and gave me to understand he was an Army backslider.

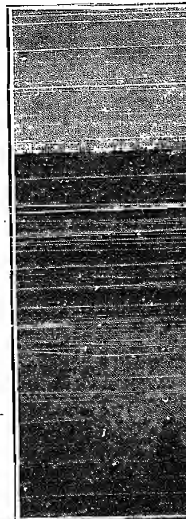
At Bennett, Rev. Mr. Russell (Methodist) kindly loaned his church a meeting. Three of our soldiers are working on the railroad, as in the meeting. One was saved in winter, in Skagway, and is proving God is abundantly able to keep. I was billeted, in Cariboo, my stopping place, at Bishop Bon (Episcopalian). The Bishop has been in the north for about forty years, working mostly among the natives, and is yet a wonder for his age, seems not to have the least desire to retire from his work, or even to a more settled country, where his aged wife might have more comforts.

Oh, ye young and allebodied, ought to be in the Field, where you gain by staying away? White Horse came next, and was made to feel very much at with the Episcopalian clergyman's wife.

Saturday night, a Methodist, on his way to Dawson, asked an open-air.

Sunday, the Methodist minister, Comrade Horne (on his way to son), and myself held two open and two inside meetings in the of a saloon.

God bless that saloon-keeper.



The H. F. Journey of Capt. Long, of
Skanaway.

At this time of the year the mountains are a beautiful mass of yellow, red and green, and headgear of white. (This headgear, snow, keeps coming farther and farther down, and on it people keep their "weather eye," for it tells of cold days and nights, and "mushing" over the ice, instead of sailing along in a steamer.) Intertwined are lakes and rivers, which puzzles one to know from whence they come and whither they go. This, combined with the kindness shown me by many of the people, and the happy families, especially inclines me to give my trip for H. F. the twin name of a pleasure trip.

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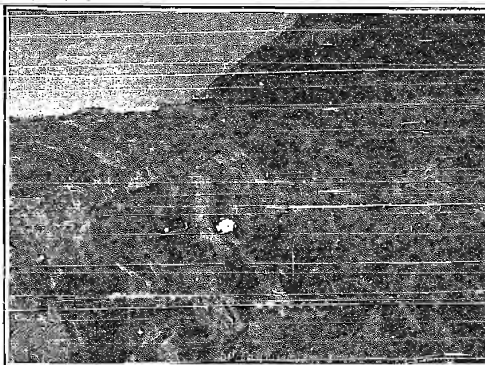
White Horse came next, where I was made to feel very much at home with the Episcopalian clergyman and wife.

Saturday night, a Methodist minister, on his way to Dawson, assisted in an open-air.

Sunday, the Methodist minister, Comrade Horne (on his way to Dawson), and myself held two open-air, and two inside meetings in the back of a saloon.

God bless that saloon-keeper. Many

A high-contrast, black and white image showing a dense, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a wall, with a vertical line on the left side. The texture is composed of many small, dark, irregular shapes, giving it a grainy, almost abstract appearance. A thin, vertical white line runs along the left edge of the image.



Davidson Glacier, Alaska.

trip to Attlin and Discovery, then home, sweet home. While the train stopped for a few minutes at Camp One, it diffused a small form—of course, well filled with love and goodness—and as my heart welled up, I said to myself, "Magnificent Gooding." All along the line the Union Jack as well as the Stars and Stripes were at half-mast in honor of the dead President, and a memorial service was held Sunday night at the Episcopal Church in White Horse.

Did I succeed financially? Yes.—J. E. Long, Capt.

The Lieutenant Farewells.

North Sydney, C.B.—After having had quite a stay with us, Lieut. Harding left this morning, and carried with her many a "God bless you," from Salvationists and friends who attend Salvation Army meetings. May God bless her and keep her true.—Treas.

Lanterns and Torches.

Doting Cove.—Although our barracks has been closed about three weeks, on account of diphtheria being in the place, we are still on the battlefield. Saturday night we had a big march and open-air. This being our first march at night, the long row of lanterns and torches attracted a large crowd. We had a blessed time. The boys enjoyed throwing coppers on the head of the little drum and making it rattle. On Sunday we had blessed

meetings. Although it was a little stormy, we had three open-air. When it got too cold to stand in the open-air at night we closed up with a monster march around the whole place. Some got the glory, and felt like staying all night.—A. C. T., C. O.

Nine Months' Hard Labor

Summerside, P. E. I.—What's the matter with the S. A. at Summerside? It's all right! The Captain returned



Camp Life in the Klondike.

From a half-dozen near pitch into H.F., and assisted Lieutenant and faithful soldier, ing our target of \$50 all to Hallelujah! Captain Anderson, Lieut. Chandler, after laboring fully, here for nine months, farewell Sunday, after hard meetings all day, but especially at night, when the officers said farewell to a large crowd of people, and two brothers separated to sin. Special mention should be made of the fact, "When the roll is called up yonder by Bro. and Sister Muttart. Our officers leave us with the good-will and love of the soldiers and people of Summerdale. The Lord has made them a blessing to us, and we pray that He may continue to bless them wherever they go."
—PHLO.

Transplanted.

St. Johnsbury.—We are still pushing on, all the time looking forward to new conflicts and victories. There are times when we seem to be just holding the fort, and do not win souls from the ranks of the enemy as much as we should like, but even in such

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Many Blessings

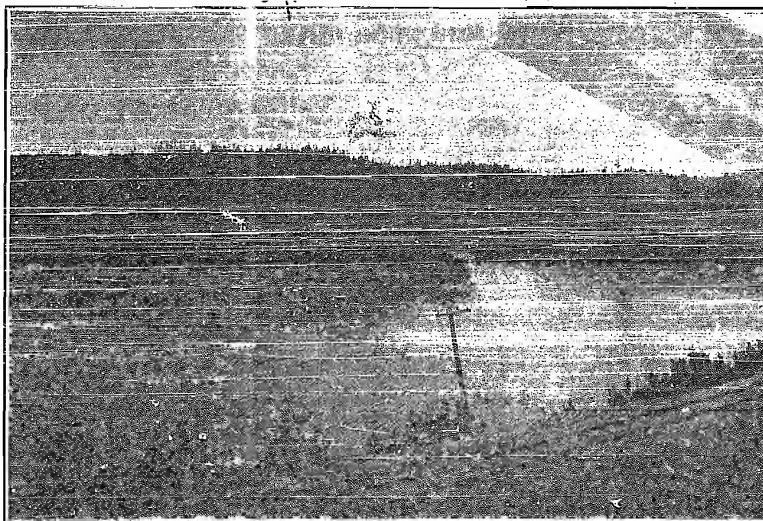
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Lake Ruth, Yukon District.

CONTROVERSY.

Controversy leads but few to the apprehension of the truth. If it does lead any, it is by some accident, some over-ruling of evil by Divine goodness, and in spite of its own inherent tendencies.

"Give strength, give thought, give
deeds, give self,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving ;
Who gives not is not living."

"The apostles were men who had been brought to an utter self-despair, men who had lost all, and who were ready to receive all from God in return."

THE WAR CRY.

FAREWELL

Adjt. and Mrs. McLean Say Good-bye to Newfoundland—Citadel Packed—A Successful Term.

Sunday was the day appointed for the farewell of Adjt. and Mrs. McLean. After laboring in our midst for almost thirteen months, the soldiers and friends had learned to love them, and many wished they could stay with us a little longer; but we, like good soldiers, and they, like good officers, must obey orders.

In the afternoon meeting Mrs. McLean spoke on the experience of Paul and Silas in prison. She brought out some beautiful points, the people drank in every word, and we believe much good was done.

The meeting at 7 p.m. was the crowning time. You would have been there. The Citadel was packed to the doors—the people were almost as close together as sardines in a can. Nearly one thousand people were present. After the usual songs and solos had been sung, Mrs. McLean gave her farewell address. She said she was glad to be able to say that she came into St. John's a soldier and she was one still. She had learned to love the soldiers and people of Newfoundland and had been dreading the thought of farewell.

The Adjutant thanked God for the success he has had while in our midst. He had seen a great number of souls kneel at the Mercy Seat for pardon, many of whom had been made into blood-and-fire soldiers. He thanked the people for the way they had rallied to his help. He had been able to make some important improvements in the Citadel, and altogether he had put in a successful term in Newfoundland.

We closed the Sunday's meetings with eight songs in the forenoon. May God bless the Adjutant and Mrs. McLean in their new appointments.—One Who was There.

HINDOO MEETING AT RIVERSIDE.

It had been announced that Capt. and Mrs. Stolliker would conduct special Hindoo services for the Sunday, at Riverside. In the afternoon quite a nice crowd was present, and the Captain gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the Hindoo work in general.

At night the hall was crowded with a very attentive audience, who took in very eagerly the interesting things which the Captain described so ably. He also spoke of the good work the S. A. is doing among the Hindoos. We were all much pleased with the Captain's address, and we are sure that his words were a blessing and inspiration to many. We thank God for one precious soul, which was the result of the day's meetings.—A Visitor.

KINGSTON GLEANERS.

We have had our Harvest Festival effort in Kingston. It was at these services the string band was introduced, which has just been organized.

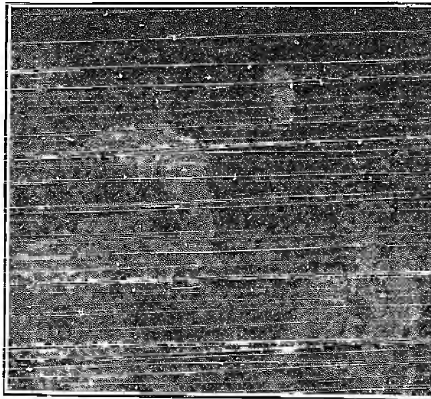
They did excellent service. Mrs. Thompson has the responsibility of leadership, and Sister Katie Allen, Mrs. Clenahan, Mrs. Downey, and Bro. Wm. Christmas complete the membership.

On Monday evening the "Weary Gleaner" was enacted. Mrs. Thompson representing the master of the vineyard, Sister K. Allen was the gatherer of stubble, Mrs. Clenahan suggested the gleaner of flowers, and Mrs. Countryman the golden sheaves, and she certainly had an air of business befitting her part. We had a great sale afterwards; there was a large quantity of goods to be disposed of, and the friends came prepared to give good value for the same. The amount raised exceeded our expectations. Our target was \$225. Of course we hit it. Good for Kingston!

Capt. Fanny Randall came in from her corps (Picton) on Saturday, Oct. 5th, to go to the hospital, where she lies at present, very ill with typhoid fever. Please pray for her.

Our officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Moore, have orders to farewell on Sunday, Oct. 20th. They have labored here for over ten months, but they are soldiers, and go where they are sent, and we prepare ourselves to give a loyal welcome to the new officers wherever they may be.—M.

Kingston (Ont.) Gleaners—A Harvest Festival Group.



1. Mrs. Countryman. 2. Mrs. Thompson. 3. Sister K. Allen. 4. Mrs. Clenahan.

The Staff Band.

Lippincott St. corps fell in for a treat last Sunday, when it was visited by Brigadier Gaskin and the Staff Band. The music and staging were much appreciated by the corps, and by the people who attended the different meetings. We were favored with fine weather, and the visit of the band was pronounced to be the best on record in many respects. As to the Brigadier, many felt that he was delivering a heaven-sent message. He spoke with great power, especially at night. Mrs. Gaskin assisted the Brigadier. Two souls knelt at the penitential font in the holiness meeting, and several held up their hands for prayer. The finances were greatly increased. We untiedly say, "Come again."—A Goodwill.

Merrickville Outpost.—Allow me the space in your paper, which I have read to many times, and is so pleasing to those who have thought it. I have seen the S. A. in so many different places that I was pleased to learn that the S. A. had started an outpost here. I was at a very successful meeting on Monday evening, October 6th, that I thought I would write to let you know what the down people think of the Army. I have heard a good many say that they believe the Army will do a lot of good to our people, and may I be the first. I must state that we were all pleasantly surprised when the officer came up from Kempsville. Adj. Newman, of Cornwall, came with them, and took charge of the meeting, and did much to point the sinner to the cross of Christ and to the way of salvation.—Yours very truly, An Unsung Man.

Lecture on India.

Riverside.—We had a beautiful time on Sunday. Capt. Stolliker gave us a lecture on India, which was enjoyed very much. Two of our comrades farewelled. We were sorry to part with them, but pray that God will bless them. Corps-Cadet McCauley.

The French Work.

Somerset, Ber.—On Saturday night, and all day Sunday, we had with us Miss Lightbourne, from the city, to help in our meetings. She is a nice singer, also a very good speaker. The power of the Holy Ghost was felt in our midst. On Monday night, Adj. Graham, the D. O., gave a lecture in the Methodist Church, which had been kindly lent by the committee for the occasion. The title of the lecture was, "Seven Years in the French Work." It was very well enjoyed by those who were present.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

An Army Wedding.

St. John's I.—We are still having good times at St. John's I. Souls are being saved weekly, new soldiers are being enrolled monthly, and the good work is rolling on. One of our handsomen, Geo. Phipps, has taken unto himself a wife, in the person of Ex-Capt.

OVER JORDAN.

MOTHER PILFERY GONE HOME.

Strathroy.—We regret the loss of our dear comrade, Mother Pifer, who has been promoted to Glory, but our loss will be heaven's gain. She was a soldier for sixteen years, and a mother to our corps. She always gave a welcome to the people of God to her home.

She was called very suddenly to meet God, but He doeth all things well. On Friday she was driving around town with her horse and buggy; on Saturday morning she worked around the home, and was mowing that grand old song, "Over Jordan," and at noon she ate a good hearty dinner. After dinner she was getting ready to go and visit her sister, when God came and called her to be with Himself. Although she had not one moment to speak to her loved ones, yet we believe, through her godly life, she will live for ever in our minds. The last testimony that she gave in the barracks was that she was nicely saved. The funeral took place on Sept. 20th, when her body was carried to its last resting-place. A large crowd attended the funeral to pay their last respects to our dear comrade.

At the memorial service the following Sunday night, Bro. Pifer's dear comrade's son, put to one side, for the moment, his feelings, and bore testimony to the godly life of his dear mother. It was very touching, and we pray that it may be the means of bringing others of the family to their mother's God. The bereaved ones have our prayers and sympathy. May God bless and comfort them.—Capt. Coy.

"MEET ME IN HEAVEN."

A true and faithful soldier of the Bonavista corps, Mrs. Little, the wife of our Treasurer, has been called up higher. For some months she has been a great sufferer, but she was never heard to murmur or complain, and although she had to leave her dear children, and husband, and kind friends, she was ready to go to be with Jesus, which is far better. Her last message was, "Tell my comrades to fight on and meet me in heaven. I am only waiting for the Master to come and take me home." Her funeral took place on Sunday afternoon. Eighty-five soldiers marched in silence to her home, and hundreds followed to the barracks, where the service was largely attended. It is said there were one thousand people in and around the hall.

At the memorial service God wonderfully upheld our bereaved brother, as he told of his wife's faithful life and victorious death; and one soul came back to the fold. We believe that through these services life and salvation will come to many dead souls.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—A. Borger, Adjt.

Ensign (Dr.) Turner has had an interview with the Maharajah of Travancore in regard to our Indian Medical Corps. He was cordially received. The Maharajah, moreover, consented to become a patron of the hospital and a subscriber to its funds.

Sister Ira Groom, of Blenheim, Who collected \$31 for the Blenheim Barracks, Making Her the Champion Collector. She says, after Nine Years' Experience, She Means to Press Onward.

The Chief Secretary's

NORTHERN TR

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs Receive Hearty Welcome at Barrie and Collingwood—A Successful Church Meeting—Visit too Short.

The Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs spent the week-end in Barrie. Of course the weather on Saturday was anything but favorable for a good crowd, but a good number came through the rain and darkness, and were much blessed by the Colonel's Bible lesson and oral remarks.

On Sunday morning the Colonel on hand and conducted a very profitable kneedrill.

At 10:30 a.m. Mrs. Jacobs addressed the children of the Company meeting, which the children greatly appreciated. The Juniors of Barrie K. how to welcome a visitor whom they desire to see and hear. The Juniors all say, "Come again, Mrs. Jacobs." The Colonel, in the holiness meeting, gave a beautiful Bible lesson on the life of Moses, picturing the different stages of his life. He pointed forth burning truths into our hearts which undoubtedly will be productive of much good.

After an open-air service in the afternoon, the indoor meeting was held with a good old song from the book, after which Mrs. Colonel Jacobs led a lively testimony meeting, several spoke of God's power to live and keep. There was no one who seemed to be ready.

Jacobs spoke very forcibly of God's goodness and His power to save. The Colonel, in his usual interesting manner, gave another reading from Luke xii, 12, showing how many people of to-day lose salvation in a careless manner, who were present felt God very and learned some beautiful lessons from the Colonel's address.

After a splendid open-air service at night, in front of the Barrie Hotel, marched to our barracks full of joy for a good meeting. The Colonel announced, by posters, dog-cars, the local press, etc., etc., to appear the subject, "A Painted Lady," announcements had drawn a crowd, and what the people were said in such a manner, and such holy zeal, that they will not forget it. Adj. Burrows, after Jacobs' solo and address, read verses of Scripture which the Colonel had chosen, and then the Colonel, some thirty minutes, or more, bore his subject in a masterly manner, letting the experience of the "Painted Lady" and her husband. One sought and found salvation, a close of the meeting. Others, under conviction, but would not in all, the visit of Colonel and Jacobs proved a great blessing. Burrows.

Do you like Collingwood? question often asked me. I will give a few reasons why, as a soldier of the Cross, and a Salvationist.

During the last two weeks we had times of great blessing, precious souls that they left the sin, who were praising God following night in the open-air, attended the 7 a.m. kneedrill on morning, and the marcher all.

On Monday Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs were with a visit.

Our Methodist friends kindly use their church for this meeting, splendid audience, and a hearty welcome from Bro. Brown made quite at home. Mayor Silver lighted to have this opportunity presiding as chairman, and spoke words of welcome to the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. He also was high praise of the good work done in the Army. He said Collingwood was growing, and the Salvation Army truly needed to help make it good. The God we serve is doing this.

The Colonel's subject, "To and To Low," was a masterpiece, was highly appreciated, truths is what we need.

Mrs. Jacobs' Scotch solo, "welcome home," was especially joyed. An English lad said, at night



Don't forget the challenge of Bro. Preston, Spokane, which begins with the sales of this issue. This contest is for the boomers of the Pacific, Northwest, and Newfoundland Provinces only.

Sister Curvell evidently became apprehensive of the keen competition of close rivals, and sends in 200 sales this week; this assures her supremacy for another week. Mrs. Adjt. McGilvray again returns 280 sales. Well done!

Lieut. White, of the East, keeps her lead in the East with 250, but is closely followed by Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, who sold 230 Crys the same week.

Bro. Preston is sure of victory, although the leader of his Province is at present, C.C. Robinson, of Skagway, with 146. Lieut. Long, of Skagway, leads in the challenged territory, with 166.

The Eastern Province has just kept above the 100 mark by one. West Ontario leads the Ontario Provinces easily, since E. O. has only 68 and C. O. only 64 hustlers, both of the latter being much below the mark.

The North-West nearly comes up to these two Provinces, and may yet do so with a little exertion.

Eastern Province.

101 Hustlers.	
Lieut. White, Fredericton	250
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	239
Mrs. Cusbin, Halifax I.	189
Capt. Prince, Hamilton	186
Lieut. Harding, N. Sydney	186
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	180
Lieut. Long, Sydney	132
Lieut. Redmond, Sydney	122
Lieut. Vandine, Truro	120
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	109
Lieut. March, Yarmouth	109
Capt. Taylor, Sussex	99
Lieut. McLaren, Chatham	99
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	90
Capt. F. Clark, St. George's	80
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	80
Lieut. B. Muriough, Stellarton	75
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	75
Cadet Nugent, Yarmouth	67
Capt. J. Green, New Glasgow	67
Ensign Allan, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Clark, St. Stephen	60
Capt. Martin, St. Stephen	60
Lieut. White, St. John II.	58
Cadet Parsons, Yarmouth	58
Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, Windsor	57
P. S. M. Peckwood, St. George's	56
Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	56
Capt. Armstrong, St. John V.	52
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
W. Legge, Glace Bay	50
Lieut. White, Digby	50
Lieut. Tiller, Carleton	50
Capt. Hudson, Carleton	50
Lieut. Duncan, Eastport	50
Capt. Payne, Somerset	50
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	50
Lieut. Holden, Wentville	50
Capt. Greenland, Amherst	50
Lieut. Butler, Amherst	50
Capt. Ryan, Bear River	50
Lieut. Graves, Springhill	50
Cadet Moore, Yarmouth	50
Lieut. A. Marthouge, Frelville	50
Capt. Brown, Annapolis	49
Capt. Kirk, Charlottetown	48
Ensign Sabine, Charlottetown	48
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	48
P. Adams, St. John V.	48
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	48
Lieut. McDonald, Bridgetown	47
Capt. Andrews, Truro	47
Capt. Tatum, Lansing	45
Capt. Forcely, Liverpool	45
Capt. McWilliams, Lunenburg	45
Mrs. W. Rae, Glace Bay	45
Capt. Davis, Sydney Mines	45
Cadet Lebaron, Houlton	45
Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	44
Capt. Thompson, Newcastle	44
Sergt. Thompson, Charlottetown	44
Bro. Smith, Glace Bay	40

Adjt. Byers, Springhill	40
Capt. B. Green, Sackville	40
Sergt. Kelly, St. George's	40
W. Williams, Moncton	40
Sergt. Place, Hamilton	40
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	40
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Ere. Wilson, Woodstock	35
Ensign L. Larder, Halifax II.	35
M. Gange, North Sydney	35
Capt. Bowering, Parrsboro	35
Capt. Melick, Kentville	35
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	30
Capt. N. Smith, North Head	30
S. Holden, Windsor	27
Ensign Parsons, St. John III.	25
Adjt. Densmore, Windsor	25
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Capt. Pemberton, Hillsboro	25
C. Rice, Digby	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
Capt. J. Wilson, Bridgetown	25
Capt. J. W. Clark, Chatham	20
M. McKay, Springhill	20
Bro. Hallett, Hamilton	20
C. C. Asbill, St. George's	20
Lieut. Chandler, Summerside	20
C. C. McKendle, New Glasgow	20
Capt. Leadley, Clark's Harbor	20
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	20
Mrs. Mahery, Hamilton	20
Mrs. White, Hamilton	20
Lieut. Chisholm, Summerside	20
Lena Lake, Windsor	20
Capt. Lamont, Southampton	20
Cadet Bruce, Sussex	20
M. Myles, Kentville	20
Ensign Knight, Dartmouth	20

West Ontario Province.

87 Hustlers.	
Mrs. Adjt. McGilvray, London	280
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Berlin	150
Capt. Hockin, Chatham	110
Lieut. Stickels, Leamington	105
Capt. Maisey, Guelph	105
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	88
Ensign Scott, Sarnia	87
Capt. Pyre, Listowel	80
Emma McDougall, Goderich	80
Capt. Cadet, Northwich	75
Capt. Bateman, Stratford	75
Sister Lindsay, Stratford	75
Lieut. Craft, Galt	75
Ensign Hollett, Galt	75
Ensign Luman, Windsor	75
Capt. Horwood, Wingham	70
Mrs. Ensign Slote, Stratford	70
Cadet Talbot, Seaford	65
Capt. Barker, Farris	65
Mrs. Allen, Mitchell	65
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	60
P. S. M. White, Simcoe	59
P. S. M. Dixon, St. Thomas	59
Mrs. Capt. Burton, St. Thomas	58
Capt. Bonny, Norwich	58
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Ridgeway	55
Capt. White, Woodstock	55
Lieut. Ellis, Tilsonburg	55
Ensign Slote, Stratford	50
Lieut. Allen, Hespeler	50
Lieut. Fennay, Blenheim	50
Capt. Huffman, Woodstock	50
Fred Palmer, London	50
Lieut. Martin, Watford	45
Capt. Plant, Drayton	45
Capt. Yeomans, Wallaceburg	45
Capt. Williams, Palmerston	45
Lieut. West, Palmerston	45
Capt. Huntington, Ridgeway	45
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	42
Sister Bryant, Petrolia	40
Lieut. Murray, Dresden	40
C. C. Collier, Windsor	40
Adjt. McGilvray, London	38
Ensign Howcroft, Wallaceburg	35
Sister Blackwell, Petrolia	35
S. M. Brydon, Windsor	35
C. C. Collier, Windsor	35
Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler	30
Lieut. Greenwood, Thedford	30
Adjt. Kenway, Woodstock	30
Capt. Coy, Stratford	30
Lieut. Cook, Forest	30
Capt. Pickle, Forest	30
Lieut. McColl, Tilsonburg	27
C. C. Robinson, Windsor	26
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	25
Mrs. Nixson, Norwich	25
Capt. Campbell, Seaford	25
Capt. Knuckie, Petrolia	25
Adjt. Cameron, Brantford	25
Adjt. McHarg, Petrolia	25

Sergt. Ellis, Dresden	24
Pearl Hargreaves, Chatham	24
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Petrolia	24
Lieut. Burney, Essex	20
Capt. Wiseman, Wyoming	20
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	20
Lieut. Edwards, Bothwell	20
Capt. Crawford, Bothwell	20
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Eva Simpson, Guelph	20
Maggie Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	20
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroster	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Mrs. Garrod, Blenheim	20
Maisey Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Bella Beach, London	20
Lucey Horwood, London	104
Capt. Dowell, Clinton	20
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Jordison, Dresden	20
Sister Henderson, Wingham	20
Capt. Kitchen, Ingersoll	20
Capt. Haley, Lagersoil	20

East Ontario Province.

68 Hustlers.	
Capt. Hickman, Picton	160
Capt. Bradbury, Sherbrooke	120
Lieut. Oldford, Ogdensburg	110
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	114
Sister Slater, St. Catharines	100
Adjt. Moore, Kingston	100
Lieut. Hoole, St. Albans	100
Cadet Greenlades, Port Hope	100
Capt. Lang, Burlington	83
Cadet Grey, Burlington	83
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	81
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	81
Mrs. Countryman, Kingston	81
Capt. Bloss, Cornwall	73
Lieut. Busbey, Brockville	73
Capt. Moore, Morrisburg	67
Capt. Liddell, Morrisburg	67
Capt. Peddel, Newport	67
Capt. Woods, St. Albans	65
Maggie Little, Newport	65
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	60
Lieut. Holaday, Quebec	60
Capt. Ash, Perth	60
Lieut. Gates, Perth	60
Mrs. Ensign Bloss, Peterboro	60
Cadet Waugh, Peterboro	60
Lieut. Ludlow, Arnprior	60
Lieut. Thompson, Pembroke	59
Sister Harbor, Ottawa	58
Mrs. Moore, Kingston	57
Lieut. Owen, Napanee	55
Capt. Crego, Gananoque	50
Mrs. Gave, Barre	50
Ida Munro, Barre	50
Capt. Green, Deseronto	48
Capt. Newell, Gananoque	47
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	45
Capt. Lowrie, Peterboro	45
P. S. M. Barton, Prescott	43
Capt. Pitcher, Montreal I.	42
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	40
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	40
Sergt. Hupper, Montreal II.	40
Capt. Rayne, Barre	40
Sergt. Loworthy, Tweed	40
Cadet Soward, Kemplville	35
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	35
Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	32
Ensign Baird, Port Hope	30
Capt. Grose, Cobourg	30
Cadet Granger, Ottawa	30
Mrs. Welsh, Burlington	30
Sister Kane, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Grose, Cornwall	25
Mrs. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Capt. Gammlidge, Odessa	25
Lieut. Rutledge, Cobourg	25
Capt. Hicks, Brockville	24
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	22
Sergt. Ballcock, Montreal II.	21
Mrs. Collins, Cornwall	20
Sister Montgomery, Brockville	20
J. Walton, Kingston	20
Capt. Randall, Picton	20
Sister Foley, Perth	20
Mrs. Jewell, Picton	20
Sergt. Vaucour, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20

Central Ontario Province.

64 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	300
Ensign Lott, Perry Sound (2 wks)	120
Sergt. Bowcock, Lippincott	100
Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	93
Capt. Ronnie, St. Catharines	86
Capt. Walker, St. Catharines	80
Cadet Close, Lippincott	71
Lieut. Meador, Sturgeon Falls	65
Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket	65
Adjt. Ogilvie, Owen Sound	60
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound	60
Sergt. Richards, Lindsay	60
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	60
Capt. Marshall, Bracebridge	61
Capt. Rose, Midland	50
Lieut. Minnie, Midland	50
Adjt. Walker, Riverdale	50
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	50
Capt. Clark, Sudbury	43
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Temple	40

Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	49
Capt. Carwardine, Little Current	49
Lieut. Phillips, Little Current	49
Capt. Trickey, Orillia	37
Cadet Langridge, Orillia	37
Louise Coy, Hamilton I.	36
Capt. Kiver, Orangeville	33
A. Weisley, Orangeville	33
Sister Palmer, Orillia	30
Lieut. Griffiths, Hamilton II.	29
Capt. Stiekelle, Hamilton II.	29
Sergt. Stephens, St. Catharines	30
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	29
Sergt. Bowbeer, Ligar St.	29
Sister McArthur, Temple	30
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	30
Sergt. Bradley, Temple	30
Lieut. Jago, Meaford	29
Cadet Hudgen, Lippincott	27
Capt. Brookets, Hamilton I.	27
Capt. Palling, Dovercourt	25
Ensign Smith, Dovercourt	25
Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket	25
Corps-Cadet McFarney, Riverside	25
Sister Stephens, Brampton	25
Lieut. Crandell, Brampton	22
Capt. Fisher, Meaford	21
Harry Walker, Riverside	21
Sister Duff, Temple	21
Sister Bowman, Temple	20
Capt. French, Temple	20
Cadet-Lieut. Williams, Kilmount	20
M. Courtemanche, Norland	20
Sec. Nelson, Lindsay	20
Adjt. Bale, Lindsay	20
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Sister Curry, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Hart, Ligar St.	20
Mrs. Tuck, Ligar St.	20
Ensign Sims, Ligar St.	20
Mrs. Phillips, Ligar St.	20
Sergt. McHenry, Ligar St.	20
Mrs. Bowers, Orillia	20
Sister Furnace, Orillia	20

North-West Province.

55 Hustlers.	
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	110
Lieut. Croser, Brandon	100
Sister M. Lewis, Winnipeg	95
Mrs. Capt. G. Gillan, Calgary	90
Lieut. Nuttall, Edmonton	89
Capt. J. Mercer, Fort William	81
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	82
Lieut. G. Papstein, Medicine Hat	80
A. Cook, Jamestown	76
Lieut. J. Russell, Fargo	76
Sergt. Mrs. Halford, Winnipeg	72
Mrs. Capt. R. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	70
Lieut. M. Miller, Grand Forks	65
Lieut. McLeod, Grand Forks	60
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Grand Forks	60
Ensign A. Taylor, Devil's Lake	55
Capt. A. Hall, Lethbridge	50
Lieut. I. McLaren, Moorhead	45
Capt. A. Brander, Grafton	44
Capt. J. McKay, Calgary	43
Capt. G. Gamble, Regina	43
Ensign Burton, Moose Jaw	41
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Winnipeg	40
P. S. M. Curtis, Portage la Prairie	40
Sergt. D. Lewis, Neepawa	40
Capt. A. Pearce, Neepawa	40
C. C. Mary Johnson, Blomack	39
Lieut. M. Fleming, Grafton	33
Lieut. A. White, Selkirk	32
Capt. A. Lenwick, Valley City	31
Capt. L. Duester, Arthur	30
Nellie Ogden, Dauphin	30
Lieut. E. Willey, Prince Albert	30
Capt. S. Draper, Moosomin	29
Lieut. E. Irwin, Moosomin	27
Lieut. W. Meron, Laramore	26
Capt. Blodgett, Rat Portage	25
Lieut. V. Sherrill, Rat Portage	25
Sergt. Mrs. Burrows, Morden	25
Capt. D. Meyers, Moose Jaw	25
Capt. J. Ferguson, Minto	25
Capt. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	24
Lieut. W. McKay, Lethbridge	22
Lieut. Mansell, Emerson	22
Cadet Nellis, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Mrs. Drummond, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Mrs. Johnson, Winnipeg	20
Sister Emma Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Capt. C. Scott, Regina	20
Adjt. F. Dean, Rat Portage	20
Truacs Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	20
Capt. O. Potter, Minto	20
Capt. J. Engdahl, Fort William	20
Capt. L. Smith, Carberry	20
Sister Smith, Carberry	20

Pacific Province.

42 Hustlers.	
C. C. Robinson, Rossland	145
Capt. Duthie, Victoria	128
Capt. Galt, Butte	120
Lieut. Connors, Billings	105
Mrs. Ensign Gummie, Missoula	102
Capt. Miller, Lewiston	100
Capt. Heister, Helena	100
Sergt. Preston, Spokane	100
Capt. Hurst, Victoria	90
Capt. Charlton, Helena	90
Mrs. Adjt. McGilvray, Vancouver	85
Sister H. Knudson, Nelson	75

Sister F. Pogue, Nelson	49
Mrs. Capt. Stevens, Kailispell	49
Cadet Church, Nanaimo	37
Capt. Darrah, Everett	37
Capt. Dales, Everett	36
Capt. Kiver, Orangeville	33
Adjt. ...	33
Adjt. Blackburn, New Wharton	30
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	29
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Revelstoke	29
Mrs. Terryberry, Vancouver	29
Capt. Jackson, Fernie	29
Capt. Lamber, Vancouver	29
Capt. Scott, New Westminster	29
Adjt. Blackburn, New Wharton	29
Sister Daisy Smith, New Wharton	29
Capt. Glover, Butte	27
Capt. Sheard, Nanaimo	27
Capt. Nesbitt, Billings	25
C. C. Elsie Park, Butte	25
Sister Mrs. Tritt, Butte	25
Tress, Mortimer, Victoria	25
Capt. Perrenoud, Snohomish	25
Lieut. Malcolm, Snohomish	25
Lieut. H. Basingthwaite, Duff	25
Capt. Triffitt, Duff	25
Mrs. Wardell, Rossland	25
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Fernie	25
Sister Kate Dick, Fernie	25
Mrs. Adjt. Dodd, Spokane	25
Sister L. McCormick, Spokane	25

Newfoundland Province.

28 Hustlers.	
Sergt. J. Lidstone, St. John's I.	110
Sergt. Major Ebsary, St. John's	110
Capt. Wiseman, St. John's I.	110
Cadet Greening, St. John's I.	110
Lieut. Willshire, St. John's I.	110
Lieut. Young, Harbor Grace	110
Capt. Slickland, The Cove	110
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	110
Ethel Coye, St. John's I.	110
Cadet Andrews, St. John's I.	110
Sergt. Stowbridge, St. John's	110
Sergt. Mrs. George, Harbor Grace	110
Sergt. Ayres, Bonaville	110
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's	110
Willie Ems, Bay Roberts	110
Mrs. A. Smart, The Cove	110
Sergt. Blunden, St. John's I.	110
Sergt. Carter, St. John's I.	110
Cadet Diamond, St. John's I.	110
P. S. M. Soward, Heart's Content	110
Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	110
Thomas Harlick, Gambo	110
Lieut. Chronie, Hant's Harbor	110
Capt. Cave, Arnold's Cove	110
Sergt. Vincent, New Town	110
Rhoda White, Lake Cove	110
Capt. E. Stachbury, Shearwater	110
Sergt. Bury, Greenspond	110

The Klondike.

4 Hustlers.	
Capt. Long, Skagway	110
Capt. Lloyd, Dawson City	110
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson City	110
Ensign Gooding, Skagway	110



Second Insertion.


PAYNE, ALFRED M. Hel 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, age 27, is rather good looking, a stone-mason and plasterer. Last home about the last of May. His wife, father, and mother anxious to hear from him.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about their wills and desire to do the work of the Salvation Army. The great intention of some friends have been in consequence of their wills not being in the hands of the Salvation Army, that they should be made known to the public. It is the duty of every friend to do this, and to do so in the hands of the Salvation Army. The great intention of some friends have been in consequence of their wills not being

Pacific Province.	
12 Hustlers.	
a. Rossland	145
Victoria	128
Hube	120
a. Billings	105
Cammine, Missoula	102
Lewiston	100
Helena	100
Spokane	100
Victoria	90
Helena	90
Gill, Vancouver	85
son, Nelson	75

The Klondike.		
4 Hustlers.		
Capt. Long, Skagway		16
Capt. Lloyd, Dawson City		14
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson City		8
Ensign Gooding, Skagway		5



MISSING

PAYNE, ALFRED M. Height about 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, grey eyes, age 27, is rather good looking. He is a stone-mason and plasterer by trade. Left home about the 1st of July, 1901. His wife, father, and mother are very anxious to hear from him.

Help to Friends who are about to make their Will, and desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made manifest in consequence of the fact of the same being in conformity with the law relative to Charitable Bequests. The propriety of action is therefore recommended. If the property of a Testator desiring to benefit the Fund consists of Money, or Foreign Bonds, Canal Shares, Cotton or Petroleum, Shares in a Trading Company, or Shares in a Manufacturing Company, or Shares in Gas, Electric Light or Power, Water, or Industrial Companies, Marine Telegraph Shares, and Shares in Mines, or similar kinds of property, then the following form of bequest should be used:

NEWBERRY AND ASSOCIATES, the Commissioners of the TERRITORY OF CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND, BERMOUDA and the North-Western States of America, the said Chief Officer for the time being of THE SALVATION ARMY in the Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda and the North-Western States of America, the said ~~to be used or applied by her or him~~ or his discretion for the general purposes of the said Salvation Army in the said Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of "two or more witnesses, each of whom shall be at least twenty-one years of age, and who shall be disinterested persons, and who shall sign their names, addresses and residences on the same page at the end of the Will." The Testator must sign, or cause to be signed, the Will in the presence of the witnesses, and direct them to sign the Will and tell the witnesses that he wants them to be witnesses to it, and then he must sign the Will in each other's presence, and let none of them leave the room until all have signed.

The Commissioner will always be pleased to prepare further advice for any friends desiring to benefit the Army by Will. Furthermore, he will treat any confidential source as heretofore, and will not be so strict in his requirements.

Letters dealing with the subject should be marked private and addressed to COMMISSIONER R. C. BOOTH, 8 A. Temple

Place in a goshlet the whites of two or three eggs, from which the yolks have been carefully removed. Now add two or three tablespoonfuls of strong alcohol. In a minute or two the colorless, transparent albumen has become opaque, white, and hard as though it had been dropped in boiling water.

A LEAGUER'S LETTER.

"It was in one of the meetings conducted on board H.M.S. Malabar, by a Salvation Army Leaguer, that I was convicted of sin," writes a Leaguer from India. "But when I got to Bombay I tried to atone my desire to be saved by plunging headlong into evil courses."

"Once again I was brought in contact with devoted Salvationists, who were taking their stand for God aboard ship and in the barracks-room after more efforts to get away from God. I at last was obliged to yield."

"Soon after my conversion I became a Leaguer, but lacked power to take an out-and-out stand. I felt that the time had come for a forward movement; so, asking God to help me, I sought and found the blessing of full salvation at a meeting, conducted by Commissioner Howard, in Lahore. Since then I have rejoiced in victory."

CHAPTER XV.—(Concluded.

The two had a conference at Sarni Germano, but only one thing is known that was there settled. The Germano had formed an order of soldier-monks like the Templars and Hospitaliers for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre but as there were jealousies between the three, Frederick wished the Germano who were called Teutonic knights to be sent from the Holy Land, and set to fight with the then Slavonians, in the lands near the Baltic, called Borussia (near Russia) or Prussia. Their Grand Master, Herman von Salza, was made a Prince of the Empire, and they were to have all the lands they conquered.

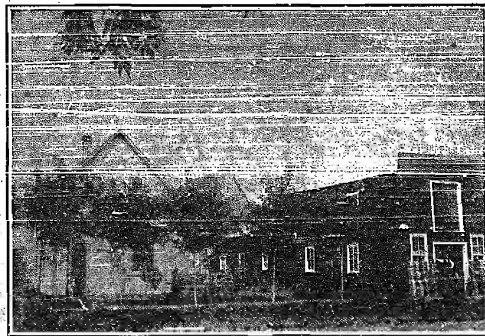
Friedrich stayed on in Italy, attending a university he had founded on the ruins of a great, deserted scholars' hall, from which especially the Scotchman, Michael Scott, who translated into Latin his Arabic version of Aristotle, and was looked on by a few of the ignorant as a great magician. The greatest scholar who grew up at Naples was Thomas Aquinas, a most wonderful teacher, and his master's arguments to teach Christian truth. Friedrich's court was full of learning, elegance, and poetry, but chiefly of a self-indulgent kind. He so loved minstrelsy that he gave them a great change, his kingdom being so rich, and he sent his minstrels to sing to the windows. The minstrel-singer, Walter of Vogelweide, died about this time, and left lands whose produce was to be given to feed his fellow-minstrels, the birds at his tomb, so that those might always be the

It was a time of very great beauty in everything—poetry, drama, buildings and all. One of the loveliest buildings in Germany is Marburg Cathedral, built by the Emperor Frederick of Hesse, brother of Ludwig, in memory of the "dear saint Elizabeth." When the news of Ludwig's death had come home, Konrad and his mother had been homeless and wandering, and seized by the Government, but the barons and knights restored her little son. The Emperor wished to marry her, but instead of listening to his messenger, she fled into a convent. Her confessor made her use hard discipline with herself, and she died when only twenty-four years old. Then her brother-in-law repented, and built the famous church of Marburg. This was the time, too, when the two orders of friars founded by St. Francis and St. Dominic, were trying to teach people to love the world and its desires, and to love the world, and to love holiness and the joys of God.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

It is very important that officers do not send girls or children to any of our Women's Social Institutions without making previous arrangements with the other officers in charge of the institution. We have as we have been put to a serious inconvenience in this way. We gladly help all who need us, but to avoid any disappointment on the part of applicants, earnestly request officers and others to write us previously. Apply to the following addresses:

Toronto.....Lieut. Col. Mrs. Read, or James and Albert London.....Adjutant McDonald, Riverview Ave., London Ont. N.B.....Lieutenant Kelly, 608 Main St. Montreal.....Lieutenant Kelly, 608 Main St. Winnipeg.....Adjutant Langtry, old Young Bldg. St. John's, Nfld.....Bridget Wood, de Cook Str. Olds.....Adjutant Ward, 1st Eddy Ave. Battle, Man.....Lieutenants Pelletier, ex West Copper Str. Vancouver.....Staff Sergeant Smith, 709 Robson St. Vancouver.....Eugene Brown, the Seagram Hotel.



Treas. McLeod's Shop and Dwelling, Portage la Prairie, Man.
(The Glory Pump Shop.)



HOLINESS.

LORD, LET ME COME,

Tunes.—How will you do? (B.J. 174):
There is a happy land (New B.B. 95).

As I am before Thy face, Saviour,
I pray,
Let the merits of Thy grace claim
me today.
Canst Thou my poor treasure take,
And my heart Thy temple make?
Can my sins, for Thy dear sake, be
washed away?

As I am my griefs I lay down at Thy
feet;
Scop to kiss my tears away, Lord, I
entreat.
None but Thine own hand can heal,
None but Thine own eye reveal.
All I want and all I feel: Lord, let
me come.

As I am so tired of strife, Lord, let
me come;
As I am for death or life, Lord, let
me come.
Crowds of fears obstruct my way,
Past defeats would bid me stay,
Yet in child-like faith I pray, Lord, let
me come.

All my past is known to Thee, Lord,
let me come;
All my future Thou canst see, Lord,
let me come.
Take me, I can trust my all
in Thy hands, whatever befall.
Then no tempest shall appal: Lord,
let me come!

HALLELUJAH! HE IS ABLE.

Tunes.—Never can tell (B.J. 13):
Turn to the Lord (B.J. 77).

Though your sins may be as scar-
let,
They shall be as white as snow,
Though they now be red as crimson,
Full salvation you may know.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! He is able,
Able now to set you free,
With an intermost salvation;
Then victorious you shall be.

Christ is here to save you fully,
From all inward, hidden strife;
Jesus' blood can make you holy,
Power impart for spotless life.

Worldly, narrow, selfish feeling
In your heart has had the sway;
Heard sin God is revealing—
These can all be swept away.

You have never dared to venture,
Fearing what the world would say;
You're a timid, doubting creature—
This can all be changed to-day.

EXPERIENCE AND TESTI-
MONY.

COURAGE, SOLDIERS.

Tune.—Pull for the shore.
Cut of the dungeon, soldier,
Lift up your head;
Now thy Deliverer's praises
Everywhere spread.
Dark is the bondage, soldier,
Now, thank God, o'er,
Saved from sin to rescue others,
Life evermore.

Chorus.

Fight for your King, soldier, fight for
your King;
On, dying souls to save, and captives
to bring!
On, till the shouts of triumph heaven's
arches ring,
Leave the world and sin behind, and
fight for your King.

Dark has the past been, soldier,
New life's begun,
On, in the Saviour's footsteps
Patiently run.
Look now to Jesus, soldier,
Never despair,
Be a soldier of the cross,
And glory share.

Hell will oppose thee, soldier,
On, never heed!
Earth from the cruel serpent
Yet soall be freed,
Jesus is with thee, soldier,
On, never fear!
With Him, in the day of triumph,
Thou shalt appear.
E. B. Dearling, Hesperior.

TRUSTING ALL THE DAY.

Tune.—Just as the sun went down.

When I was wandering afar from
God,
Living in sin and shame,
Day by day spending my time for
naught.
Seeking for worldly fame,
Twas then, while trying my soul to
save,
Jesus spoke peace to me,

Give me the joy I so long desired,
I bless His dear name, I'm free.

Chorus.

Trusting Jesus all the way,
He has redeemed my soul,
From all the evils of worldly life.
Made me fully whole.
True to the Saviour I mean to be
Till His dear face I see.
Trusting and loving Him day by day,
Jesus, so dear to me.

Sinner, the Saviour is calling you,
Why not come to Him now?
While He is waiting to set you free,
At the cross humbly bow.
Th-re give your life and your all to
Him,
Trust Him, nnn do His will,
Then He will keep you, oh, bless His
name!
He doth His word fulfil,
Cadet L. W. Hunt,
Larimore, N.D.

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

Tunes.—Stick to the Army, lads (B.J. 379):
One wearing of the green.

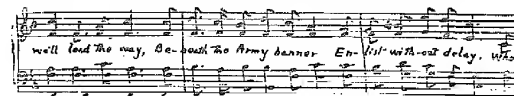
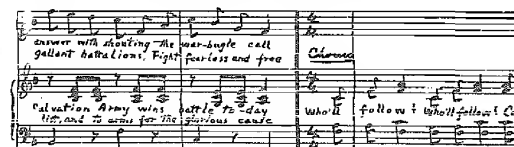
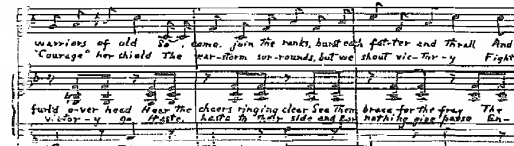
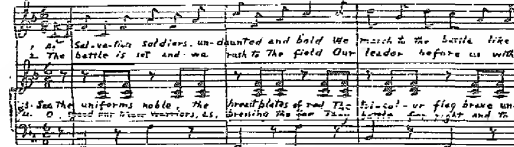
I know some people who're afraid
to speak, or sing, or pray,
Because they don't know what
some Scribe or Pharisee will
say;
But I will tell you of a few who have
their mettle tried,
It makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

King Nebuchad thought he would like
a feast of roasted man,
He, therefore, took three Hebrew boys
and put them in a pan,

* WHO'LL FOLLOW? *

A SALVATION BATTLE SONG.

Words and Music by W. A. Hawley, Charlottetown, P.E.I.



But God then sent His angel to throw
the flame aside;
I makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

You've heard of Joseph—how they sold
him to a ripsy hand,
Who took and carried him away into
a distant land;
But God just kept him good and true
where'er he did abide—
It makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

Now Pharaoh, the mighty King, the
greatest in his day,
With all his might he tried to keep
the Jews from going away.
But still, when Moses came, they
went, no matter how he tried—
It makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

Then march along, my comrades dear,
and tell of Jesus' love,
For God will give you strength enough
and grace from heaven above.
In spite of sneers the world may give,
your God will safely guide;
It makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

SALVATION.

A SINNER'S PLEA.

Tune.—Whiter than snow (B.J. 56).

Lord Jesus, behold me just now
at Thy feet,
A sinner unpardoned, my Saviour
to meet;
I know Thou canst save me, Thy blood
it does flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow, etc.

Too long I've been living in sin and
despair,
But, Jesus, I'm coming, I know Thou
art here;
To cast me away is the promise to
me;
I rely on Thy promise to set my soul
free.

Lord Jesus, I've wandered away from
the fold,
I'm coming again, the world is so cold,
I cannot stay back, to the fountain I'll
go,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, I kneel at Thy crucified
feet,
For all sin-sick souls Thou hast prom-
ised to meet;
I'll give up my sin, turn my face to
the foe,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Ask Thee to take me just now as I
come,
For all guilty souls at the cross there
is room;
By faith now I claim Thee my Saviour
to be,
I'm sure at this moment my soul is
set free.

Lieut. S. French, L.B.I.

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Tune.—My beautiful home (B.J. 411).

Above the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and
fair,
My home is there, my home is there.

Chorus.

My beautiful home, my beautiful
home,
In the land where the glorified ever
shall roam,
Where angels bright wear crowns of
light,
My home is there, my home is there.

Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptations, tears, and care,
My home is there, my home is there.

Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.



18th Year. No.